

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1907.

FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.¹

BEING THE LETTERS OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
'ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.'

LIV.

Galgenberg, Nov. 7th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—So you are coming to Berlin next month. I thought you told me in one of your letters that Washington was probably going to be your first diplomatic post. Evidently you are glad it is not; but if I were going to be an *attaché* I'd much rather be it at Washington than Berlin, the reason being that I've not been to Washington and I have been to Berlin. Why are you so pleased—forgive me, I meant so much pleased, but it is strange how little instinct has to do with grammar—about Berlin? You didn't like it when you were here and went for two days to look at it. You said it was a hard white place, full of broad streets with nobody in them. You said it was barren, soulless, arid, pretentious, police-ridden; that everybody was an official, and that all the officials were rude. You were furious with a policeman who stared at you without answering when you asked him the way. You were scandalised by the behaviour of the men in the local trains who sat and smoked in the faces of the standing women, and by those men who walked with their female relations in the streets and caused their parcels to be carried by them. You came home to us saying that Jena was best, and you were thankful to be with us again. I went to Berlin once, a little while before you came to

¹ Copyright, 1907, in the United States of America.

Germany, and didn't like it either. But I didn't like it because it was so full, because those streets that seemed to you so empty were bewildering to me in their tumultuous traffic,—so you see how a place is what your own eye makes it, your Jena or your London eye; and I didn't like it besides because we spent a sulphuric night and morning with relations. The noise of the streets all day and the sulphur of the relations at night spoilt it for me. We went there for a jaunt, to look at the museums and things, and stay the night with Papa's brother who lives there. He is Papa's younger brother, and spends his days in a bank, handing out and raking in money through a hole in a kind of cage. He has a pen behind his ear—I know, because we were taken to gaze upon him between two museums—and wears a black coat on weekdays as well as on Sundays, which greatly dazzled my stepmother, who was with us. I believe he is eminently respectable, and the bank values him as an old and reliable servant, and has made him rich. His salary is eight thousand marks a year—four hundred pounds, sir; four times as much as what we have—and my stepmother used often and fervently to wish that Papa had been more like him. I thought him a terrifying old uncle, a parched, machine-like person, whose soul seemed withdrawn into unexplorable vague distances, reduced to a mere far-off flicker by the mechanical nature of his work. He is ten years younger than Papa, but infinitely more faded. He never laughs. He never even smiles. He is rude to his wife. He is withering to his daughters. He made me think of owls as he sat at supper that night in his prim clothes, with round gloomy eyes fixed on Papa, whom he was lecturing. Papa didn't mind. He had had a happy day, ending with two very glorious hours in the Royal Library, and Tante Else's herring salad was much to his taste. 'Hast thou no respect, Heinrich,' he cried at last when my uncle, warmed by beer, let his lecture slide over the line that had till then divided it from a rating, 'hast thou then no respect for the elder brother, and his white and reverend hairs?'

But Onkel Heinrich, aware that he is the success and example of the family, and as intolerant as successes and examples are of laxer and poorer relations, waved Papa's banter aside with contempt, and proposed that instead of wasting any more of an already appallingly wasted life in idle dabbings in so-called literature he too should endeavour to get a post, however humble, in a bank in Berlin, and mend his ways, and earn an income of his own, and cease from living on an income acquired by marriages.

My stepmother punctuated his words with nods of approval.

'What, as a doorkeeper, eh, thou cistern filled with wisdom?' cried Papa, lifting his glass and drinking gaily to Tante Else, who glanced uneasily at her husband, he not yet having been, to her recollection, called a cistern.

'It is better,' said my stepmother, to whom a man so punctual, so methodical, and so well-salaried as Onkel Heinrich seemed wholly ideal, 'it is better to be a doorkeeper in—in——'

She was seized with doubt as to the applicability of the text, and hesitated.

'A bank?' suggested Papa pleasantly.

'Yes, Ferdinand, even in a bank rather than dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

'That,' explained Papa to Tante Else, leaning back in his chair and crossing his hands comfortably over what, you being English, I will call his chest, 'is my dear wife's poetic way——'

'Scriptural way, Ferdinand,' interrupted my stepmother. 'I know no poetic ways.'

'It is the same thing, *meine Liebste*. The scriptures are drenched in poetry. Poetic way, I say, of referring to Jena.'

'*Ach so*,' said Tante Else, vague because she doesn't know her Bible any better than the rest of us Germans; it is only you English who have it at your fingers' ends; and, of course, my stepmother had it at hers.

'Tents,' continued Tante Else, feeling that as *Hausfrau* it was her duty to make herself conversationally conspicuous, and anxious to hide that she was privately at sea, 'tents are unwholesome as permanent dwellings. I should say a situation somewhere as doorkeeper in a healthy building was much to be preferred to living in nasty draughty things like tents.'

'*Quatsch*,' said Onkel Heinrich, with sudden and explosive bitterness; you remember of course that *quatsch* is German for silly, or nonsense, and that it is far more expressive, and also more rude, than either.

My stepmother opened her mouth to speak, but Tante Else, urged by her sense of duty, flowed on. 'You cannot,' she said, addressing Papa, 'be a doorkeeper unless there is a door to keep.'

'Let no one,' cried Papa, beating approving hands together, 'say again that ladies are not logicians.'

'*Quatsch*,' said Onkel Heinrich.

'And a door is commonly a—a——' She cast about for the word.

'A necessity?' suggested Papa, all bright and pleased attention.

'A convenience?' suggested my cousin Lieschen, the rather pretty unmarried daughter, a girl with a neat head, an untidy body, and plump red hands.

'An ornament?' suggested my cousin Elschen, the rather pretty married daughter, another girl with a neat head, an untidy body, and plump red hands.

'A thing you go in at?' I suggested.

'No, no,' said Tante Else impatiently, determined to run down her word.

'A thing you go out at, then?' said I, proud of the resourcefulness of my intelligence.

'No, no,' said Tante Else, still more impatiently. '*Ach Gott*, where do all the words get to?'

'Is it something very particular for which you are searching?' asked my stepmother, with the sympathetic interest you show in the searchings of the related rich.

'Something not worth the search, we may be sure,' remarked Onkel Heinrich.

'*Ach Gott*,' said Tante Else, not heeding him, 'where do they——' She clasped and unclasped her fingers; she gazed round the room and up at the ceiling. We all sat silent, feeling that here there was no help, and watched while she chased the elusive word round and round her brain. Only Onkel Heinrich continued to eat herring salad with insulting emphasis.

'I have it,' she cried at last triumphantly.

We at once revived into a brisk attention.

'A door is a characteristic——'

'A most excellent word,' said Papa encouragingly. 'Continue, my dear.'

'It is a characteristic of buildings that are massive and that have windows and chimneys like other buildings.'

'Excellent, excellent,' said Papa. 'Definitions are never easy.'

'And—and tents don't have them,' finished Tante Else, looking round at us with a sort of mild surprise at having succeeded in talking so much about something that was neither neighbours nor housekeeping.

'*Quatsch*,' said Onkel Heinrich.

'My dear,' protested Tante Else, forced at last to notice these comments.

'I say it is *quatsch*,' said Onkel Heinrich with a volcanic vehemence startling in one so trim.

'Really, my dear,' said Tante Else.

'I repeat it,' said Onkel Heinrich.

'Do you not think, my dear——'

'I do not think, I know. Am I to sit silent, to have no opinion, in my own house? At my own table?'

'My dear——'

'If you do not like to hear the truth, refrain from talking nonsense.'

'My dear Heinrich—will you not try—in the presence of—of relations, and of—of our children——' Her voice shook a little, and she stopped, and began with great haste and exactness to fold up her table-napkin.

'*Ach—quatsch*,' said Onkel Heinrich again, irritably pushing back his chair.

He waddled to a cupboard—of course he doesn't get much exercise in his cage, so he can only waddle—and took out a box of cigars. 'Come, Ferdinand,' he said, 'let us go and smoke together in my room and leave the dear women to the undisturbed enjoyment of their wits.'

'I do not smoke,' said Papa briefly.

'Come then while I smoke,' said Onkel Heinrich.

'Nay, I fear thee, Heinrich,' said Papa. 'I fear thy tongue applied to my weak places. I fear thine eye, measuring their deficiencies. I fear thy intelligence, known to be great——'

'Worth exactly,' said Onkel Heinrich suddenly facing us, the cigarbox under his arm, his cross owl's eyes rounder than ever, 'worth exactly, on the Berlin brain market, eight thousand marks a year.'

'I know, I know,' cried Papa, 'and I admire—I admire. But there is awe mingled with my admiration, Heinrich,—awe, respect, terror. Go, thou man of brains and marketableness, thou man of worth and recognition, go and leave me here with these lesser intellects. I fear thee, and I will not watch thee smoke.'

And he got up and raised Tante Else's hand to his lips with great gallantry and wished her, after our pleasant fashion at the end of meals, a good digestion.

But Tante Else, though she tried to smile and return his wishes, could not get back again into her rôle of serene and conversational *Hausfrau*. My uncle waddled away, shooting a sniff of scorn over his shoulder as he went, and my aunt endeavoured to conceal the

fact that she was wiping her eyes. Lieschen and Elschen began to talk to me both at once. My stepmother cleared her throat, and remarked that successful public men often had to pay for their successes by being the victims at home of nerves, and that their wives, whose duty it is always to be loving, might be compared to the warm and soothing iron passed over a shirt newly washed, and deftly, by its smooth insistence, flattening away each crease.

Papa gazed at my stepmother with admiring astonishment while she elaborated this image. He had hold of Tante Else's hand and was stroking it. His bright eyes were fixed on his wife, and I could see by their expression that he was trying to recall the occasions on which his own creases had been ironed out.

With the correctness with which one guesses most of a person's thoughts after you have lived with him ten years, my stepmother guessed what he was thinking. 'I said public men,' she remarked, 'and I said successes.'

'I heard, I heard, *meine Liebste*,' Papa assured her, 'and I also completely understand.'

He made her a little bow across the table. 'Do not heed him, Else, my dear,' he added, turning to my aunt. 'Do not heed thy Heinrich—he is but a barbarian.'

'Ferdinand!' exclaimed my stepmother.

'Oh no,' sighed Tante Else, 'it is I who am impatient and foolish.'

'I tell thee he is a barbarian. He always was. In the nursery he was, when, yet unable to walk, he crawled to that spot on the carpet where stood my unsuspecting legs the while my eyes and hands were busy with the playthings on the table, and fastening his youthful teeth into them made holes in my flesh and also in my stockings, for which, when she saw them, my mother whipped me. At school he was, when, carefully stalking the flea gambolling upon his garments, he secured it between a moistened finger and thumb, and, waiting with the patience of the savage sure of his prey, dexterously transferred it, at the moment his master bent over his desk to assure himself of his diligence, to the pedagogue's sleeve or trouser, and then looked on with that glassy look of his while the victim, returned to his place on the platform, showed an ever increasing uneasiness culminating at last in a hasty departure and a prolonged absence. As a soldier he was, for I have been told so by those comrades who served with and suffered from him, but whose tales I will not here repeat. And as a husband—yes, my dear Else, as a husband he has not lost it—he is, undoubtedly, a barbarian.'

'Oh, no, no,' sighed Tante Else, yet listening with manifest fearful interest.

'Ferdinand,' said my stepmother angrily, 'your tongue is doing what it invariably does, it is running away with you.'

'Why are married people always angry with each other?' asked Lieschen, the unmarried daughter, in a whisper.

'How can I tell, since I am not married?' I answered in another whisper.

'They are not,' whispered Elschen with all the authority of the lately married. 'It is only the old ones. My husband and I do not quarrel. We kiss.'

'That is true,' said Lieschen with a small giggle which was not without a touch of envy. 'I have repeatedly seen you doing it.'

'Yes,' said Elschen placidly.

'Is there no alternative?' I inquired.

'No what?'

'Alternative.'

'I do not know what you mean by alternative, Rose-Marie,' said Elschen, trying to twist her wedding-ring round on her finger, but it couldn't twist because it was too deeply embedded. 'Where do you get your long words from?'

'Must one either quarrel or kiss?' I asked. 'Is there no serene valley between the thunderous heights on the one hand and the swampy enervations on the other?'

To this Elschen merely replied, while she stared at me, '*Grosser Gott.*'

'You are a queer cousin,' said Lieschen, giggling again, the giggle this time containing a touch of contempt, her giggles never being wholly unadulterated. 'I suppose it is because Onkel Ferdinand is so poor.'

'I expect it is,' said I.

'He has hardly any money, has he?'

'I believe he has positively none.'

'But how do you live at all?'

'I can't think. It must be a habit.'

'You don't look very fat.'

'How can I, when I'm not?'

'You must come and see my baby,' said Elschen, apparently irrelevantly, but I don't think it really was; she thought a glimpse of that, I am sure, refreshing baby would cure most heartsicknesses.

'Yes, yes, it is a splendid baby,' said Lieschen, brightening,

'and its wardrobe is trimmed throughout with the best Swiss embroidery threaded with beautiful blue ribbons. It cost many hundred marks, I assure you. There is nothing that is not both durable and excellent. Elschen's mother-in-law is a very rich lady. She gave it all. She keeps two servants, and they wear washing dresses and big white aprons, just like English servants. Elschen's mother-in-law says it is a great expense because of the laundry bills, but that she doesn't mind. If you were going to stay longer, and had got the necessary costumes, we might have taken you to see her, and she might perhaps have asked you to stay to coffee.'

'Really?' said I, in a voice of concern.

'Yes. It is a pity for you. You would then see how elegant Berlin people are. I expect this'—she waved her hand—'is quite different from Jena, and seems strange to you, but it is nothing, I assure you nothing at all, compared to Elschen's mother-in-law's furniture and food.'

'Really?' said I, again with concern.

I did a dreadful thing next morning at breakfast: I broke a jug. Never shall I forget the dismay and shame of that moment. Really I am rather a deft person, used to jugs, and not, as a rule, of hasty or unconsidered movements. It was, I think, the electric current streaming out of Onkel Heinrich that had at last reached me too and galvanised me into a nervous and twitching behaviour. He came in last, and the moment he appeared words froze, smiles vanished, eyes fell, and Papa's piping alone continued to be heard in the cheerless air. I don't know what had passed between him and Tante Else since last we had seen him, but his opaque black eyes were crosser and blacker than ever. Perhaps it was only that he had smoked more than was good for him, and the whole family was punished for that over-indulgence. I could not help reflecting how lucky it was that we were his relations and not hers; what must happen to hers if they ever come to see her I dare not think. It was while I was reflecting on their probable scorched and shrivelled condition, and at the same time was eagerly passing him some butter that I don't think he wanted but that I was frantically afraid he might want, that my zealous arm swept the milk-jug off the table, and it fell on the varnished floor, and with a hideous clatter of what seemed like malicious satisfaction smashed itself to atoms.

'There now,' cried my stepmother casting up her hands, 'Rose-Marie all over.'

'I am very sorry,' I stammered, pushing back my chair and gathering up the pieces and mopping up the milk with my handkerchief.

'Dear niece, it is of no consequence,' faltered Tante Else, her eyes anxiously on her husband.

'No consequence?' cried he—and his words sounded the more terrific from their being the first, beyond a curt good morning, that he had uttered. 'No consequence?'

And when my shameful head reappeared above the table and I got on to my feet and carried the ruins to a sideboard, murmuring hysterical apologies as I went, he pointed with a lean finger to what had once been a jug and said with an owlish solemnity and weightiness of utterance I have never heard equalled, 'It was very expensive.'

I can't tell you how glad, how thankful I was to get home.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

LV.

Galgenberg, Nov. 15th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—I shall send this to Jermyn Street, as it can no longer catch you in Italy. Jena is not on the way from London to Berlin, and I don't know what map persuaded you that it was. It is very faithful and devoted of you to want so much to see Professor Martens again, but you know he is a busy man, and for five minutes with him as he rushes from a lecture to a private lesson it hardly seems worth while to make such a tremendous *détour*. Why, you would be hours pottering about on branch lines and at junctions, and would never, I am certain, see your luggage again. Still, it is not for me to refuse your visit to Professor Martens on his behalf who as yet knows nothing about it. I merely advise; and you know I do not easily miss an opportunity of doing that.

What another odd idea of yours to want to call on our Berlin relations. Has Italy put these various warm genialities into your head? I did not think I had made the Heinrich Schmidts attractive. I was shivering while I wrote with renewed horror, as the remembrance of that evening with them and of that morning rose up again before me. That the result should be a thirst on your part for their address fills me with astonishment. Do you want to go and do them good? Soften Onkel Heinrich, and teach him to cherish kind Tante Else with the meek blue eyes and claret-

coloured silk dress? You cannot seriously intend to set up regular social intercourse with them. It is certain you will never meet them at any party you go to,—no, not even Elschen's mother-in-law. The classes are with us divided so rigorously that the needle's eye was child's play to the camel compared to this other entering. You will, very properly, remembering my cloistered life, inquire what I know about it; but it seems to me, only please don't laugh, that I have seen and known quite a good deal. When Experience leaves gaps, quick Imagination fills them up. The straws I have noticed have been enough to show me which way the wind was blowing; and women, pray remember, are artists at putting two and two together. Therefore I prophesy that if you are at the English Embassy in Berlin fifty years and meet fresh people every day of them, among those people will never be Onkel Heinrich and Tante Else. What, then, is the use of giving you their address? I will, if you really seriously wish it, but I must warn you that they would be intensely surprised by a call from you, and it would in no way add to their comfort. The connecting thread is altogether too slender. Papa is not a relation whose introductions they value, and to come from him is a handicap rather than a recommendation. Do you know the only possible conclusion they would come to?—and come to it they certainly would—that somehow, somewhere, in a tram, or a shop, or walking, you had seen Lieschen, and had fallen in love with her. And before you knew where you were you would be married to Lieschen.

How sad to have to come away from the flaming Spanish chestnuts of Italy, and turn your face towards London fogs. You don't seem to mind. You never do seem to mind the things that would fill my heart with leaden despair, and over other things that should not matter you cry out. Indeed, far from minding you seem eager to be off. Yet London can't be nice in November, and Berlin, where you so soon will be, is simply horrid. It was in November that we were there, and we splashed about in a raw, wet cold,—rain on the verge of sleet and snow, a bitter wind at the corners, the omnibuses all full (we could not afford the dearer and more respectable tram), and everybody we met had an unkind strange face that stared at us, in spite of hurry and umbrellas, with a thoroughness and comprehensiveness that must be peculiar to Berlin. Papa's galoshes didn't fit and kept coming off, and they always did it at the most difficult moment, generally when

we were crossing a street, and there they would lie, scattered beneath hoofs and wheels, till I had rescued them again. Also his umbrella, being old and never having been very strong, turned inside out at extra gusty corners, and we, who had come to look and wonder, found that the Berlin people thought we had come to be looked and wondered at. But do not let me damp your ardour with these gloomy tales. It is such an excellent thing that you should be ardent at all after this long while of dissatisfaction with life that I ought to cheer you on and not talk dreary. Besides, your umbrella won't mind corners, and you do not wear galoshes. I wish you joy, then, of your new post, and hope you will be very happy in it. Papa was most interested to hear you were coming so near us, and sends you many messages whose upshot is that you are to be a good boy and do him credit. He doesn't know about the unfortunate ending to your engagement, and I shall not tell him, for he would be sorry; and more and more as the days and months melt away into a dream I am anxious that he should not be made sorry. Do you not think that old people should never be made sorry?

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

I hope you will waste no precious time coming to Jena to see Professor Martens. I heard a rumour that he was ill, or away or something, so that you would have your long and *extremely* tiresome journey positively for nothing.

LVI.

Galgenberg, Nov. 23rd.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—Was it so short? I don't remember. This one shall be longer, then. Tell me, do you think there is any use in trying to cure a person of being in love? I have come to the conclusion that it's hopeless. Such cures must be made from the inside outwards, and not from the outside inwards. I thought I was going to stir Vicki to a noble independence, and you should have heard the speeches I made her. Sometimes I had to laugh at them myself, they were such extraordinarily heroic and glowing things for one dripping Fräulein with none too brave a heart to hurl at another dripping Fräulein with no brave heart at all, as they trotted along with shortened skirts and umbrellas through wind-racked, howling forests. Vicki has gone

all to pieces again, and her eyes are redder than ever. I don't know whether it is these November mists that have done it, but certainly after all my hauling of her up the rocks of proud self-sufficiency she has flopped back again deeper than before into the morass in which I found her. It's a perfect bog of sentiment she's sunk in now. I make her go for ten-mile walks, and aim at doing them in two hours, thus hoping to bring out her love-sickness in the form of healthy perspiration, but it's no good. 'Oh,' gasps Vicki, when we start off up the sombre aisles of pines, and see them stretching away before us into a grey infinity, and mark their reeking trunks, black with damp, hoar with lichen, and hear their sighings and their creakings through the patter of rain on our umbrellas, and feel their wet breath on our cheeks, 'oh what an empty, frightening world it is.'

Then I tell her, with what enthusiasm I may, that it's not, that it's beautiful, that we are young and strong, that our life can be made just exactly as glorious as we are energetic enough to make it. And she doesn't believe a word; she simply shakes her head, and moans that she isn't energetic.

'But you are,' I say with a fine show of confidence. 'Come, let us walk faster. Who would dare say you were not who saw you now?'

'Oh,' wails Vicki; and trots along blowing her nose.

Poor little soul. I've tried kissing her, and it did no good either. I petted her for a whole day; sat with my arms round her; had her head on my shoulder; whispered every consolation I could think of; but unfortunately the only person who has ever petted her was the faithless one, and it made her think of him with renewed agony, and opened positive sluices of despair. I've tried scolding her—the 'My dear Vicki, really for a woman grown' tone, but she gets so much of that from her mother, and besides she isn't a woman grown, but only a poor, unhappy, cheated little child. But how dull, how dry, how profitless are the comfortings of one woman for another. I feel it in every nerve the whole time I am applying them. One kiss from the wretched man himself and the world blazes into radiance. A thousand of the most beautiful and eminent verities enunciated by myself only collect into a kind of frozen pall that hangs about her miserable little head and does nothing more useful than suffocate her. She has been inclined to feel bad ever since the fatal letter about the soup, but there were intervals in which with infinite

haulings I did get her up on to the rocks again, those rocks she finds so barren, but from whose tops she can at least see clearly and be kept dry. Now that this terrible weather has come upon us, and every day is wetter and sadder than the last, she has collapsed entirely. If I could write as well as Papa I would like to write an essay on the connection between a wet November and the renewed buddings of love. Frau von Lindeberg is dreadfully angry, and came up, and actually came in, a thing she has not done yet, and sat on the sofa, carefully enthroned in its middle and well spread out in case I should so far forget myself as to want to sit upon it too, and asked me what nonsense I had been putting into the child's head.

'Nonsense?' I exclaimed, remembering my noble talk.

'She was getting over it. You must have said something.'

'Said something? Yes, indeed I said something. Never has one person said so many things before.'

She stared in amazement. 'What,' she cried, 'you actually—you dared—you have the effrontery—'

'Shall I tell you what I said?'

And for an hour I gave the astonished lady, hemmed in on the sofa by the table and by my chair, the outlines of my views on ideals and conduct. I made the most of the hour. The outlines were very thick. No fidgeting or attempts to stop me were considered. She had come to scold; she should stay to learn.

'Well, well,' she said, when I, tired of talking, got up and removed the impeding table with something of the brisk politeness of a dentist unhooking the patient's bib and screwing down his chair after he has done his worst, 'you seem to be a good sort of girl. You have, I see, meant no harm.'

'Meant no harm? I neither meant it nor did I do it. Allow me to make the point clearer——' And I prepared to push back the table upon her and begin again.

'No, no—it is quite clear, thank you. Kindly go on endeavouring, then, to influence my unhappy child for good. I trust your excellent father is well. Good morning.'

But influence as I may Vicki has given up wearing those starched shirts with the high linen collars and neat ties in which she first dazzled me, and has gone into nondescript woollen clothes something like mine. She says it is because of the washing bills, but I know it to be but a further symbol of her despair. The one remnant of her first trimness is her beautifully brushed hair.

Stooping over her to see that her English exercises are correct I like to lay my cheek a moment on it, so lightly that she does not notice, for it is wonderful stuff,—soft, wavy, shining, and ought alone without the little ear and curve of the young cheek, without the silly pretty mouth and kind straightforward eyes, to have immeshed that stupid man beyond all possibility of disentangling himself. She was not made for Milton and the Muses. Nature, carving her out, moulding her body and her mind, putting in a dimple here and giving an eyelash an extra curl there, had a pleasant eye on a firelit future for Vicki, a cosy, sheltered future with a fender for her feet, a baby for each arm, and an adored husband coming in at the end of the day to be fed and kissed. But this man has outwitted nature. He weighed, with true German caution, Vicki and her dimples against the tiny portion which was all he could extract from her parents, and found them not heavy enough to make up for the alarming emptiness of that other scale. Now Vicki's fender and babies and busy happy life have vanished into the land of Never Will Be's. She will not find someone else to take his place. She has a story attached to her: a fatal thing here for a girl. Unlike your Miss Cheriton, who gently waves you aside and engages herself without the least difficulty to a duke, Vicki is a marked person, and will be avoided by our careful and calculating young men. She is doomed never to spoil and tease those babies, never to spoil and worship that husband. Instead she will, for a year, continue to range the hills here with me, trying to listen politely to my admonishments while inwardly she shudders at the loneliness and vastness of the forests and of life, and then her parents' lease will be up, and they and she will drift down into some little town in the Harz where retired officers finish lives grown vegetable, and the years will pounce upon her and strip her one by one of her little stock of graces. Don't suppose I blame the man, because I don't; I only resent that he should have so much the best of it. There is no law obliging a man to marry because some lovesick girl wants him to—if I were a man I would never marry—but I do deplore the exceeding number of the girls who want him to. If each girl would say her prayers and go her own way, go about her business, her parents having seen to it that she should have a business to go about, what a cheerful, tearless place the world would be. And you must forgive my vociferousness, but really I have had a woeful morning with Vicki, who cried so bitterly into the pages of my Milton that the best

part of *Samson Agonistes* is stuck together, and all the red has come off the edges.

Papa Lindeberg came in at the end of the lesson to offer me his umbrella to go home with. 'It is a wet day, Fräulein Hebe,' said he, looking round.

'It is,' said I, gazing ruefully at my poor Milton.

'Even the daughters of the gods,' said he—thus mildly do we continue to joke together—'must sometimes use umbrellas.'

'Yes,' said I, smiling at this pleasant old man, this old man I thought at first so disagreeable; and he went with me to the door, and asked me in an anxious whisper what I thought of Vicki. 'It lasts long—it lasts long,' said he, helplessly.

'Yes,' said I, standing under the umbrella in the rain, while he in the porch rubbed one hand mechanically over the other and stared at me.

'You are a very fortunate young lady,' he said wistfully.

'I?'

'Our poor Vicki—if she were more like you——'

'Like me?'

'It is so clear that you have never known this terrible malady of love. You have the face of a joyful *Backfisch*.'

'Oh,'—I began to laugh; and laughed and laughed till the umbrella shook showers of raindrops off each of its points.

He stood watching me thoughtfully. 'It is true,' he said.

'Oh,' was all I could ejaculate; for indeed the idea made me very merry.

'No member of our sex,' said he, 'has ever even for a moment caught what is still a bright and untouched maiden fancy.'

'There was a young man once,' I began, 'in the Jena cake-shop——'

'Ach,' he interrupted, waving the young man and his cakes away with an impatient movement of the hand.

'I didn't know,' said I, 'that you could read people's pasts.'

'Yours is easy enough to read. It is shining so clearly in your eyes, it is reflected so limpidly in your face——'

'How nice,' said I, interrupting in my turn, for my feet were getting grievously wet; and you note, I hope, with what industriousness I preserve and record anything of a flattering nature that anyone ever says to me.

But you shall hear the other side too; for I turned away, and he turned away, and before I had gone a yard my shoelace came un-

done and I had to go back to the shelter of the porch to tie it up, and while I had my foot on the scraper and was bending down tying a bow and a knot that should last me till I got home I heard Frau von Lindeberg from the parlour off the passage make him the following speech :

‘ I am constantly surprised, Ludwig, at the amount of time and conversation I see you bestow on Fräulein Schmidt. I can hardly call it impertinence, but there is something indescribable about her manners,—an unbecoming freedom, an almost immodest frankness, an almost naked naturalness, that is perilously near impertinence. People of that class do not understand people of ours ; and she will, if you are kinder than is absolutely necessary, certainly take advantage of it. Let me beg you to be careful.’

And Ludwig, beginning then and there, never answered a word.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

What do you think ? Papa’s book has been refused by the Jena publisher, by three Berlin publishers, by two in Stuttgart, and one in Leipzig. It is now journeying round Leipzig to the remaining publishers. The first time it came back we felt the blow and drooped ; the second time we felt it but did not droop ; the third time we felt nothing ; the fourth time we laughed. ‘ Foolish men,’ chuckled Papa, tickled by such blindness to their own interests, ‘ if none will have it we will translate it and send it to England, what ? ’

‘ Who is we, darling ? ’ I asked anxiously.

‘ We is you, Rose-Marie,’ said Papa, pulling my ear.

‘ Oh,’ said I.

Scene closes.

LVII.

Galgenberg, Dec. 1st.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—It is strange to address this letter to Berlin, and to know that by the time it gets there you will be there too. Well, let it welcome you very heartily back to the Fatherland. I think I know the street you are in ; it is facing the Thiergarten, isn’t it, and looks north ? Quite close to the Brandenburg Thor ? I remember it because we trudged, among other places, also about the Thiergarten on our memorable visit, and Papa’s eye caught the name of your street and he stood for ten minutes in the rain giving us a spirited sketch of the man’s life and claims to have a street called after him. My stepmother waited with a grim

patience, her skirts firmly clutched in each hand. She had come to sight-see and to have things explained to her, so that it would be waste of a railway fare not to look and listen. Papa was in great splendour that day, so obviously superior, in the universality of his knowledge, to either of us damp womenfolk. You won't get much sun there unless your rooms are at the back, but on the other hand it is undoubtedly a street for the exclusive and well-to-do, as even I could see to whom marble steps and wrought-iron gates convey the usual lesson. I, however, would sooner live in a kennel facing south than in a palace where the sun never came; but then, as you know, my tendencies are incurably kennelwards.

To-day I am humble and hanging my head, for I have discovered to my pain and horror that Papa and I are living well beyond our income. I expect we have bought too many books, and spent too much in stamps to be used by publishers; but it is certain that we've already consumed over seventy pounds of our yearly hundred, and that we only took five months to do it in. What do you think of that? We have been squandering money right and left somehow. There were no clothes to buy, for what we have will last us at least two years, and where it has all gone to I can't imagine. Indeed I am a useless person if I cannot even manage a tiny house like this and make such sufficient means do. Papa has written to Professor Martens to tell him he is willing to take in a young man again. Willing? He is eager, hungry for a young man, for he sees that without one things will go badly with us. And I, remembering the wealth we enjoyed while Mr. Collins was with us, have written to him to ask if he cares to come back and finish learning German. I don't know if he still wants to, or rather if his father still wants him to, for German to Joey was as the fly in the apothecary's ointment, in its extreme offensiveness, nor have I told Papa that I wrote, because of the peculiar horror with which he regards Joey; but I couldn't resist when I know that six months of Joey would deliver us for two whole years from all young men whatever, and I hope when the time comes, if it ever does, and Joey with it, to persuade Papa by judicious argument of the eminent desirability of this particular young man.

There are, however, certain difficulties in the way. Our house has two bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, an attic, a kitchen, and a coal-hole. Johanna inhabits the attic. One sitting-room is sacred to Papa and his work. The other is a scrap room in which we have our meals and receive Frau von Lindeberg when she calls,

and I write letters and read books and darn stockings. Where, then, will Joey sleep? The answer is as clear as daylight and very startling: Joey must sleep with Papa. Now that this truth has dawned upon me I spend hours lost in thoughts of things like screens and dividing curtains, besides preparing elaborate speeches for the bringing of Papa to reason. He himself was the first to declare we must positively take in a young man again, and he surely will see, when it is pointed out to him, that anyone we have must sleep at the intervals appointed by nature. I'm afraid he'll see it in the case of everyone except the fruitful Joey. It is most unfortunate that Joey should be so foolish about Goethe, for we really do want somebody who doesn't mind about money, and I remember several poor boys in the past who were so very poor that on the days when my stepmother demanded payment I used to have to go out early and wander among the hills till evening, unable to endure the sound of the thalers being wrung out of them. Oh, money is the most horrid of all necessities. I am ashamed to think of the many bright hours of life soiled by anxieties about it, by meannesses about it. Wherever even a question of it arises Love and the Graces fly affrighted, followed closely by the entire troop of equally terrified Muses, out of the nearest window. I detest it. I do not want it. But with all my defiance of it I am crushed beneath the yoke of the penny as completely as everybody else. Well do I know that penny, and how much it is when there's one over, and what worlds away when there's one too few.

Here comes Johanna to lay the dinner. We are rankly vegetarian again, Papa leading the way with immense determination, for he has set his heart at this unfortunate juncture on a new biography of Goethe that must needs come out just now, a big thing in two volumes costing a terrible number of marks, very well done, full of the result of original digging among archives; but he dare not buy it, he says, in the present state of our affairs. 'Dost thou not think, Rose-Marie,' he said, his face in grievous puckers at the prospect, 'that a renewed and careful course of herbage may quickly set the matter right?'

'Not quickly,' said I, shaking my head, and pondering privately what, exactly, he meant by the word 'renewed.'

He looked crestfallen.

'But ultimately,' I said, wishing to cheer him.

'Ultimately—ultimately,' he echoed peevishly. 'The word has a knell-like sound about it that I do not like. When we have

reached thy Ultimately I shall no longer be in a state to desire or appreciate Bielschowsky's *Goethe*. My brain, by then, will be clothed with grass, and my veins be streams of running water.'

'Well, darling,' said I, putting my arm through his, 'you'll be at least very nice and refreshing, and extraordinarily like a verse of the Psalms.'

And for two days he has held out undaunted, and here comes our lentil soup and roast apples, so good-bye.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

LVIII.

Galgenberg, Dec. 4th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—This morning I woke up and wondered at the strange hush that had fallen on our house, set so near to a sighing, restless forest; and I looked out of the window and it was the first snow. All night it must have snowed, for there was the most beautiful smooth bank of it without a knob anywhere to show where lately I had been digging, from beneath my window up into the forest. Each pine tree was a fairy tree, its laden branches one white sparkle. The clouds were gone, and by the time I had done breakfast there was a brilliant blue sky, and the hills round Jena stood out so sharply against it that they looked as if somebody had been at them with a hatchet. Never was there such a serene and silent world as the one I stepped out into, shovel in hand. I had come to clear a pathway from the kitchen to the pump; instead I stood as silent as everything else, the shovel beneath my arm, gazing about me and drinking in the purity in a speechless ecstasy. Oh the air, Mr. Anstruther, the air! Unhappy young man, who did not breathe it. It was like nothing you've got in Berlin, of that you may be very certain. It was absolutely calm; not a breath stirring. It was icy, yet crisp and *frappé du soleil*. And then how wonderful the world looked after the sodden picture of yesterday still in my mind. Each twig of the orchard trees had its white rim on the one side, exact and smooth, drawn along it by the finger of the north wind. The steps down from the back door had vanished beneath the loveliest, sleekest white covering. The pump, till the day before and ever since I have known it, a bleakly impressive object silhouetted in all its lankness and gauntness against a background of sky and mountain, was grown grotesque, bulky, almost playful, its top and long iron handle heaped with an incredible pile of snow, its spout hung about with a beard

of icicles. Frau von Lindeberg's kitchen smoke went up straight and pearly into the golden light. The roofs of Jena were in blue shadow. Our neighbour's roof flashed with a million diamonds in the sun. Two rooks cawed to each other from the pine tree nearest our door; and Rose-Marie Schmidt said her morning prayers then and there, still clinging to her shovel. Then she pulled off her coat, hung her hat on the door-handle, and began in a sort of high rapture to make a pathway to the pump. What are the joys of summer to these? There is nothing like it, nothing, nothing in the world. I know no mood of Nature's that I do not love—or think I do when it is over—but for keenness of feeling, for stinging pleasure, for overflowing life, give me a winter's day with the first snow, a clear sky, and the thermometer ten degrees Réaumur below zero.

Vicki called out from her doorway—you could hear the least call this morning at an extraordinary distance—to ask if I were snowed up too much to come down as usual.

'I'm coming down, and I'm making the path to do it with,' I called back, shovelling with an energy that set my hair dancing about my ears.

She shouted back—her very shout was cheerful, and I did not need to see her face to know that to-day there would be no tears—that she too would make a path up to meet mine; and presently I heard the sounds of another joyful shovel.

Underneath, the ground was hard with frost; it had frozen violently for several hours before the snow came up on the huge purple wings of the north wind. The muddy roads, the soaked forest, the plaintive patter of the rain, were wiped out of existence between a sleeping and a waking. This was no world in which to lament. This was no place in which sighs were possible. The thought that a man's marrying one or not could make so much as the faintest smudge across the bright hopefulness of life made me laugh aloud with healthiest derision. Oh, how my shovel rang against the frozen stones! The feathery snow was scattered broadcast at each stroke. My body glowed and tingled. My hair grew damp about my forehead. The sun smiled broadly down upon my back. Papa flung up his window to cheer me on, but shut it again with a slam before he had well got out his words. Johanna came for an instant to the door, peeped out, gasped that it was cold—*unheimlich kalt* was her strange expression: *unheimlich*=dismal, uncanny; think of it!—and shut the door as hurriedly as Papa had

shut the window. An hour later two hot and smiling young women met together on the path they had shovelled, and straightened themselves up, and looked proudly at the results of their work, and laughed at each other's scarlet faces and at the way their noses and chins were covered with tiny beads. 'As if it were August and we'd been reaping,' said Vicki; and the big girl laughed at this, and the small girl laughed at this, with an excessiveness that would have convinced a passer-by that somebody was being very droll.

But there was no passer-by. You don't pass by if snow lies on the roads three feet deep. We are cut off entirely from Jena and shops. This letter won't start for I haven't an idea how long. Milk cannot come to us, and we cannot go to where there is a cow. I have flour enough to bake bread with for about ten days unless the Lindebergs should have none, in which case it will last less than five. The coal-hole is stored with cabbages and carrots, buried, with cunning circumvention of decay, in sand. Potatoes abound in earth-covered heaps out of doors. Apples abound in Johanna's attic. We vegetarians come off well on occasions like this, for the absence of milk and butter does not afflict the already sorely afflicted, and of course the absence of meat leaves us completely cold.

Vicki and I have been mending a boy's sledge we found in the lumber room of their house, I suppose the sledge used in his happier days by the *Assessor* now chained to a desk in Berlin, and with this we are going out after coffee this afternoon when the sky turns pale green and stars come out and blink at us, to the top of the road where it joins the forest, dragging the sledge up as best we can over the frozen snow, and then, tightly clutching each other, and I expect not altogether in silence, we intend to career down again as far as the thing will career, flashing, we hope, past her mother's gate at a speed that will prevent all interference. Perhaps we shall not be able to stop, and will be landed at last in the middle of the market-place in Jena. I'll take this letter with me in case that happens, because then I can post it. Good-bye. It's going to be glorious. Don't you wish you had a sledge and a mountain too?

Yours in a great hurry,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

(To be continued.)

THE CURÉ.

IN the rush of the quarrel between Church and State in France, one class seems to have been singularly ignored by both combatants.

Yet the curé of the country village is, all the same, the channel by which Rome reaches and teaches the majority of her children ; and those children, peasants and poor men as they are, form the great bulk of the citizens of the State.

For hundreds of years, M. le Curé has been ubiquitous all over France. In the straggling, bleak village of the North, with its long, untidy street, its bare poplars always bowing to the wind, and its little church sending up its spire among the dull, shuttered houses—behold M. le Curé, with his shabby soutane fluttering in the breeze, his square-toed shoes, and his honest face reddened with exercise and the cold. Or, in the white, hot villages of the South, behold him, after the hour of *déjeuner*, pacing the sunny Place, where the children skip and the women gossip and knit, reading from his ragged breviary, or, it may be, meditating and basking pleasantly in the light and heat beneath what is surely the first and earliest of green cotton umbrellas.

When the present warfare is only a cold page of history, it may be that M. le Curé will still be the familiar figure, North, South, East, and West, he is to-day ; that his work and order, which have survived Albigensianism, Protestantism, Rationalism, the fury of the Revolution, and the deeper danger of internal corruption, will outlive the scientific criticisms and the political juggleries of our own day ; and that when our new philosophies are old, and our boasted enlightenment is utter darkness to our children, M. le Curé will still be teaching the sublime and narrow faith with which for sixteen centuries he has comforted the tried and sorrowing souls of simple men.

One of his order, who may perhaps be a type of others, lived, and was still living only a few months ago, in a certain Provençal village.

Laforge stands forty miles inland from the Mediterranean. At

the head of a deep and narrow valley—so deep and narrow as to be almost a gorge—the village climbs up a perpendicular rock, and stands white and sharp against the blue, clear sky. There is no driving road into Laforge—no whip or curse of drivers would bring horses up such an ascent. From the sunny Place of the village one can see the diligence discharging its little cargo and few passengers on the road below—so far below that the equipage looks like a child's toy, and the rotund and portly driver is only a slim, black speck. Up the winding footpath, through the olive groves—the footpath turns into a rough stone stairway as it nears the village—Laforge receives all it ever receives of necessities and luxuries from the world below it. The nearest town, Saint-Manine, is five-and-twenty miles away, and is only a town to the dwellers in Laforge, to whom the Provençal cities of Aix and Marseilles are but grand, unapproachable names, to whom Paris is a remote and glittering El Dorado, and for whom foreign parts literally have no existence.

M. le Curé lives in the little *presbytère*, which stands two minutes' walk from the village. Its rateable value is exactly five pounds a year. It contains four bare rooms, and has a little patch of mountain included in its property, wherein an English eye would see possibilities of a garden and a French eye has seen subsistence for a goat.

M. le Curé is about five-and-forty years old. He has a round, apple face, with a kind of innocent simplicity about it which it will keep till his death. But if he has no cleverness, he has a practical day-by-day common-sense much more useful. His father was a peasant of Laforge, who made a little money—only a very little—out of his olives, and on it sent his son, Baptiste, to the very small seminary in the very small town, five-and-twenty miles away. His flock do not like M. le Curé the worse because he has been brought up among them a peasant, as they are peasants, and has known, as they know, the pangs of hunger and the temptations of grinding poverty. The last he may even know now. It is certain that when he had nailed up in his sitting-room a rough crucifix, a *bénitier*, and a rude bookshelf (to hold the four books which are his whole library), and had arranged a bed, a table, two chairs, and the sparsest supply of kitchen materials, the *presbytère* was entirely equipped, furnished, and complete. Monsieur's soutane is always dreadfully old and, it may be added, ill-brushed. At the seminary, Baptiste was a clumsy and untidy boy, with a

good deal of ink distributed over his person. There is a suggestion now in his appearance that there would still be a good deal of ink about it, if he had any use for a commodity in which Laforge deals rarely. When he is consulted on some knotty point—the knotty points, not of spiritual difficulties, Laforge being not much troubled with those, but of mundane, everyday affairs which are often brought to the *presbytère*—M. le Curé has a habit of drawing a not too clean forefinger over a chin which never seems to have been recently shaved, in honest consideration. His hat is grey and faded with southern dust and sunshine. It is true he has Annette—an old dame of the village, with short petticoats, and her firm face a network of lines and wrinkles—to look after him. But it is Annette's business to keep clean M. le Curé's house—not M. le Curé; and to make soup for the inner man out of nothing and out of everything, as only a Frenchwoman can, instead of brushing the outer man into a neatness no one would appreciate.

Every morning, before the sun has climbed over the mountains, and when Laforge lies fresh and cold in the thin air of the dawn, he hurries up the stone steps of the dark, passage-like street to the height where his little church of Sainte Marthe de Laforge stands sentinel over her children. He has seldom time to turn and look at the majestic ranges of mountains with the sunrise turning their snows to fire; or at the village and the olive groves, hanging, as it seems, on the rock above the black, winding line of the valley. To appreciate beauty, one must have known ugliness; as to deplore ugliness, one must have known beauty. If M. le Curé is a little dull to the stately splendours among which he was born, he is fortunately also a little dull to the artistic imperfections of his church, having never seen a better. He goes in softly. That the altar hangings are ragged and the Madonna tawdry; that the candles the faithful have offered to the saints have always guttered untidily, and that the mountain flowers in the mean vases in the side chapel are always dead, does not strike him to-day, or any day. The atmosphere is a little stale and thick, with yesterday's incense and humanity, after the light, clear air without.

Presently, a few of the faithful push aside the heavy door and curtain, and begin their prayers. M. Baptiste—with a brown-skinned boy server, who looks as if he had forgotten even to shake himself since he got out of bed—goes through the Mass, perfunctorily, the stranger might think—wonderfully little perfunctorily he should think, when he remembers that M. le Curé says the same form of

words day after day, week after week, month after month, year in and year out. The congregation are not strictly attentive. But, with the awakening noises of the steep street calling them to the toil by which they can just, and only just, earn the hunch of grey bread, the handful of olives, and the red sour wine, which is all their subsistence, the wonder is that they are there at all.

After the service two women wait to speak to M. le Curé. One is only a girl, but her hard life has made her look already a middle-aged woman. She has to arrange about the baptism of her baby. The other, weeping, has to tell of the death of her son, who is not only the child of her infirm old age, but its breadwinner too. M. le Curé looks down a little ruefully at his ancient *soutane*. It has been long a dream of his to replace it with a new one, from the fees for burials and christenings. But how can he take such fees from people like this? The new *soutane* will always be a dream, it seems. The women leave; and then, M. Baptiste having appointed the hour, not because it suits him, for he is still fasting and might well be tired, but because it suits his flock, hears confessions.

It is very seldom, outside the cover of an English novel, that the disclosures of M. le Curé's confessional are in the least thrilling or melodramatic. It is generally M. Baptiste's fate at least to listen to the infant peccadilloes of the little girls from the Laforge *pensionnat*, and to the spites and jealousies of a few old crones. Sometimes, but more rarely, Jacques Bonhomme owns his coarse, plain sins; or the slipping from the businesslike thriftiness and cunning which is the French peasant's pride, to the dishonestly sharp practice which is his special temptation. M. le Curé's counsels are, it may be, hardly spiritual; but they are at least practicable. For here the priest is, literally very often, brother to the penitent; living a like life under like conditions. So that when Jacques rises from his knees, there, but for the grace of God, goes M. le Curé.

Presently, mincing a little in her walk, with the feeble, narrow face which is the result of her petty life (for if heaven makes young faces, old people make their own out of their habits and character), comes Mademoiselle Angèle. She is the spinster lady-paramount of Laforge; a *rentière*, though the *rentes* are meagre indeed, with a *bonne-à-tout-faire*, and memories of better days and of a tiresome uncle who was a bishop. Poor M. Baptiste's hand rasps, perplexed, over his chin when he sees her. She subscribes to his charities. She asks him to *déjeuner*. But as, in England,

good ladies join working parties not so much to provide the heathen with clothes as themselves with an interest, so Mademoiselle Angèle is everlastingly confessing sins, not to be rid of them, but for the excitement of the confession. It needs some sleek, subtle Abbé of a town to deal with the artificial difficulties of a soul like this. The good Baptiste is far too straightforward and simple. When Mademoiselle has gone away, with a flutter of prim skirts, he takes a long breath, puts some keys in his pocket, and goes out into the flooding sunshine and light with a sense of distasteful duty well through, and something false and complicated left behind.

It is time for his *déjeuner*—and past it. A good authority has said that the besetting sin of the French curé is his love of good eating. Baptiste's figure certainly inclines to the comfortable. But, in his case, there are not only the frequent and faithfully kept fasts of his Church, but the fact of his being literally 'passing rich on forty pounds a year,' which prevent much indulgence of the flesh. His *déjeuner* is, in fact, so scanty that only the capable Annette could make it look like a *déjeuner* at all. But the grey bread is freshly baked and the thin soup hot. M. Baptiste would be less well fed if he were an English curate, three times as well paid, spending half a dozen times as much on his feeding, in the land which has been well described as that where one eats, but never dines. When the meal is over, he feels in the pockets of his soutane for his one small cherished luxury—snuff. They are empty. He remembers that Pierre, the diligence driver, is to bring him a little packet from Saint-Manine to-day; and goes out into the Place, whither Pierre always climbs to take his glass of red wine at the rough table outside the mean *auberge*—superbly named the Hôtel de France.

It is to be observed that M. le Curé never indulges in any kind of sport, and has absolutely no exercise but walking. The game of billiards in the café—the simple and frequent recreation of other Frenchmen—his office forbids him. His newspaper—it is the one newspaper Baptiste, anyhow, ever sees—is a halfpenny rag containing the local lies only. But he has, at least, sunshine, warmth, light, and the loveliness of some of the most noble and exquisite scenery in the world. If man has been meagre to him, God and Nature have dealt him some of their best gifts abundantly. Then, too, the people on the Place are nearly all his friends—and are all his spiritual children. The narrow bitterness of the division of sects does not trouble his ministrations. Such religion as the

people have, is wholly Baptiste's religion. It is as a friend that everyone greets him now as he comes on to the Place—the *patron* of the Hôtel de France standing in his doorway, the girl leaning on the stone wall watching for the diligence, the children skipping, the old woman passing through with a great basket of faggots on her stately head, and Jacques leading his donkey, with a barrel of wine on the beast's patient back.

M. le Curé, half-sitting on the wall, reads his breviary—a special office for one of those special days which occur so constantly in the Roman calendar—with the sun dancing and dazzling on the well-thumbed page, for it is the sun of early November and very brilliant and hot. He has but just put away the breviary and begun to enjoy himself with the local rag when, everyone else being out of earshot, the girl leaning on the parapet approaches him timidly. Mariotte has seen a ghost! The apparition came that way, and went this, and did thus, and meant—it may be, can M. le Curé tell?—something sinister and terrible! Baptiste looks down the valley—where the diligence can be espied in the distance—and thinks a moment. He is one of the people whom thought, as it were, always distresses. But he learnt conscientiously long ago at Saint-Manine the treatment he was to mete out to the supernatural—not to deny, not to explain, only to soothe. Mariotte is to be assured that, under the protection of the saints, the ghost can do her no harm. Mariotte's friend goes away—relieved. Baptiste's own attitude towards the occult remains perhaps much like the attitude of persons far freer and bolder in thought and belief than he—'it may be so, my lord.'

Five-and-twenty minutes later the diligence having arrived at the *auberge* on the road below, Pierre, blowing and apoplectic, and still very fat though he peeled off three coats to make the ascent, reaches the Place. He has the snuff in his pocket. M. le Curé pays him therefor. He brings a little news from Saint-Manine; but not much. M. Baptiste is not so very keenly interested. Lead a narrow and simple life, and it grows narrower and simpler every day. M. le Curé's heart and ambitions are bound up, contained, fulfilled, in Laforge now. The seminary and his youth have faded a good deal from his mind. He, with the rest of the village, likes the rubicund Pierre because he is a cheerful incident in the day of Laforge, not because he brings news of a place which, after all, is not Laforge, and so really not very important.

The Place is very pleasant and animated this afternoon. M. le

Curé has enjoyed it. It is his play-time. The approach of a tall man with thin lips and eager eyes reminds him that that play-time is over. In the Catholic village, the schoolmaster and the curé stand respectively for Progress and for Retrogression, and are nearly always at enmity. But in this case Progress regards Retrogression as a child, with a slightly contemptuous and a not unkindly tolerance. The brown-skinned, bright-eyed children of Laforge also feel M. le Curé to be, in some sort, one of themselves. They cling on to his hands and soutane. Having no means of finding out for himself, Baptiste consults Pierre to see if the hour for his class—preparatory to confirmation—has really come; and Pierre, on the irresponsible authority of a cheerful Italian watch, with the picture of a *décolletée* lady in a blue satin dress on the back of it, assures him that it is two o'clock. Pierre finishes his glass with the *patron*. The schoolmaster lights a very thin cigarette and reads a Socialist newspaper, which proposes to destroy all institutions and orders in time, but is careful to insist on M. le Curé's caste and profession being destroyed first.

Meanwhile, M. Baptiste, with half the young idea of Laforge at his heels, has gone back to his church. As a teacher he is admirable. The round face with its kindly good temper, the sympathy and understanding with the youth he will never himself quite outgrow, make all children love him. Then, too, M. Baptiste is not confused by seeing more than one side of a question, and of the truth of what he teaches has never felt a doubt. 'The more you know, the less you are sure,' is a sound, if a dismal, axiom.

By the time the class is finished, and M. le Curé has dutifully admonished the offending youth who has been playing on its outskirts, and rewarded a sobbing little girl with a sou for having a toothache, the autumnal afternoon is well advanced. Then there are Vespers, and perhaps a sick peasant to be visited; or a hurried baptism to be performed in a stone hut, three miles away along a path cut round the mountain. It is sunset and declining light before Baptiste is back at the *presbytère* he first left at six this morning; and the evening may well be his own. In his little living-room, when Annette has served his modest supper—to-night, because the sick peasant lacked the barest necessities of death, it must be so modest as not even to include the sour wine which, in this land of vineyards, is incredibly cheap—M. le Curé spends his short solitude.

Does he feel it to be solitary? Does he dream in reality, as he always dreams in books, of the woman his harsh vows forbid him

to marry, of children nearer and dearer than the children he taught this afternoon? Very seldom. If one is to violate a great fundamental law of Nature, one cannot begin too soon. It must be considered—it is often forgotten—that Baptiste was trained and disciplined from his boyhood for this maimed life; that he can hardly be said to renounce the dear and common joys, for he has never expected to have them. Compare him with his brother priest of the Church of England (on whose poor stipend Baptiste would find himself disgracefully rich), with his delicate wife, his half-dozen hapless children, and the consequent too engrossing family cares, and it may well be thought—if its strong temptations can be overcome—that Baptiste's position is more dignified and contented, and his usefulness less hampered.

Perhaps three times a year he writes a letter, to a sister living forty miles away; nearly as often he takes down one of his four volumes of the 'Lives of the Fathers' (left him by a distant priestly relative), dusts it politely, and puts it back again. The 'Lives' would not be exhilarating, very likely. But to Baptiste books, of any sort, may occasionally be a duty, but are never a recreation.

If to-morrow be Sunday, there is his sermon to prepare and learn by rote. But he does not need books even for that. Knowing his people, he, wisely, writes out of his own head—and heart. If to-morrow be not Sunday, M. Baptiste may indulge in a cigarette; and sometimes in a nap. The light grows dim. Monsieur moves the sputtering logs on the low fire on the hearth (it is only at this hour that his frugal Annette allows him a fire at all) with the broken toe of his broad shoe. Annette puts her head in at the door and says 'Bon soir, Mo'sieu' with a severity which means 'Candles are dear, and there is no need to sit up late.' Then she apparently bangs all the doors in the house, and retires, like a respectable tornado, to her own home in the village.

M. le Curé sits looking at the faces in the fire for another ten minutes. The choice between bed and a candle becomes pressing. Bed is much cheaper. By half-past nine M. le Curé is enjoying the 'heavy honeydew of slumber,' with a regular, peaceful snore, and never a dream.

On Sunday—the cheerful Sunday of the Catholic, when is kept the *fête Dieu* and the *fête* of everyone else as well—M. le Curé finds his church much fuller than on week-days. But his congregation has not at all the air of 'one-long-service-and-get-it-all-done-for-the-rest-of-the-week' which distinguishes many Protestant wor-

shippers. To-day he preaches his sermon. He has a manner naturally dramatic, warm, eager, spontaneous. His discourses are both less frequent and less foolish than his brother's of the English Church—it may be, less foolish because less frequent. Baptiste, at any rate, does not spend his time in explaining away doubts which have never existed in the minds of his hearers, nor in gallantly trying to reconcile the very latest scientific theory with the most ancient form of the Christian religion. If he attempted controversy, the thin-lipped schoolmaster, standing in the dark shadows at the back of the church, would have his sneer and his answer ready enough. But M. Baptiste fortunately takes it to be his business—in spite of the busy symbolism that surrounds him and the highly complicated dogmas of his great Church—to preach 'simple Christ to simple men,' and is content if they leave him no wiser, but a little better.

The only change in his devoted and monotonous life is occasionally to take *déjeuner* and perhaps a hand at cards, *chez Mademoiselle Angèle*. Mademoiselle carefully remembers to forget that she knew Baptiste as a grubby little peasant boy. Baptiste's own natural good breeding and simplicity cause him really to forget it. If his muslin lappets are tumbled and his large hands not too clean, he is happily free from the self-consciousness which would make such defects painful. True, Mademoiselle's simpering and affectation distress him a little. But she has a cuisine so *recherché*, and, it being neither fast nor vigil, Providence, that good, kind Providence, *must* mean M. Baptiste to enjoy it! He does. He is delightfully polite and good-tempered. Certainly, he has nothing to talk of but Laforge. But he talks of it very pleasantly. Mademoiselle Angèle gives him the most welcome *aumônes* for his poor. When she is not digging up her soul, as it were, and looking at the roots (and so effectually preventing its growth, no doubt), she is really the most excellent of *vieilles filles*. M. Baptiste, after the still more excellent coffee, takes his leave, feeling comfortable, satisfied, and well-disposed to all the world.

Once, only once, there comes an upheaval in his life.

One perfect winter's day there arrives in Laforge a certain Professor of Archæology, with a large, wise, bald head, and near-sighted eyes looking for Roman remains through spectacles. He stays at the Hôtel de France. He meets M. le Curé on the Place, and readily accepts his invitation to pass an evening with him by the wood fire in the *presbytère*. As they sit, M. le Professeur tells

his host of the lands in which he has travelled—wide, wonderful, enchanted lands. Baptiste listens, delighted. Then the guest goes on to politics, to science, to speculation. Words like ‘Ultramontanism’ and ‘obscurantism’ roll glibly off his tongue. M. le Curé pushes his chair back a little, bewildered. The Professor speaks easily of what have been to his hearer the supreme certainties of religion and life, as moot points only : of Infallibility as more than fallible ; of a future where, it may be, the very bulwarks of the great faith shall have been swept away. He talks, as the talker always does, for himself, not his hearer. He is so clever and stupid that he is perfectly unconscious of the confusion, the terror even, he has raised in his host’s honest mind. He bids him good-night cheerfully. M. Baptiste forgets how dear candles are, and sits, staring at the grey ashes on the hearth, till the couple he has produced for his visitor are burnt to their sockets and have flickered into darkness.

If it were, indeed, as M. le Professeur implied it might be ! If the one true Church were not the Truth after all ! If, behind the deep, intense, mocking blue of the sky, there were really no answer nor any that hear, and ‘the hope of the world were a lie !’ The horror of one cut adrift—lost on a grey and pitiless sea—overwhelms M. le Curé’s soul. When he creeps up to bed, the dawn is showing pearl and rose in the east. For the first time in all his life, anxious and awful thoughts keep him awake. For a day or two he performs his duties as a man in a dream. But habit and education are strong. M. le Professeur—still quite unconscious of what he has done—returns to Paris. The fears lift, slowly, from Baptiste’s soul—as he so often has seen the clouds lift from the mountains and leave the peaks clear and serene against the sky. He perceives, with an infinite relief, that he has only been tempted of the devil—not to the common sins of the flesh, but to the subtler sin of a presumptuous mind. ‘Believe what I tell you, because I tell you’ has been well said to be the first and last word of his Church. Before his rough crucifix, M. le Curé confesses the intellectual vanity and wickedness which made him question, even for a moment, her divine pronouncements.

For a few years he looks back on that temptation of his soul as a traveller looks back on some awful chasm, narrowly shunned. Then, gradually, he forgets. The calm life of Laforge, the daily round of honest duties, his own narrow and sensible mind, blot out the impression. In the greatest of all consolations for the uncertainty of the future—work in the present—he grows old. His

bishop, who can remove him to a better or worse cure at his discretion, forgets all about him. The fierce political whirlwinds which fell many great trees, leave this modest shrub unharmed. The children he has taught in the church are children no more. M. le Curé makes the steep ascent to that church with less ease than he used; the busy wrinkles grow thick round his pleasant eyes, and his ruddy face shrivels a little like a winter apple. The advanced schoolmaster gets a post in a town which is much better worth upsetting than ever Laforge could have been. Annette dies. Many of M. le Curé's friends lie now in the sunny, untidy graveyard on the mountain slope, with its rude, ill-made wooden crosses and poor, loving little offerings of sham *immortelles*. The day cannot be far away when M. le Curé must lie there too. Well, he has done his work. If he has not brought enlightenment—and he has not—he has brought peace. If he has taught but an illiberal creed, he has taught it devoutly and intensely, in season and out of season, faithfully and from his heart. He has continued the noble tradition of his Church, and has helped to make it—more than any other in the world—the Church of the peasant and the poor.

If indeed the faith of that Church be realised, in that kingdom where they that have riches shall hardly enter, where there shall be not many wise and not many prudent, and where men shall be judged, not for their lack of ten talents, but for their use of the one committed to their trust, M. le Curé's place may well be a high one.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

'EUGENICS' AND DESCENT.

THE recent endeavours of Mr. Francis Galton to establish, upon the basis of his interesting inquiries into the influences of heredity, a new science of 'eugenics,' a word by which he desires to express an ordered knowledge of all conditions of parentage which may tend towards the improvement of future generations of men, is one which deserves the cordial approval of those whose posterity he desires to benefit; but, at the same time, it calls for a more complete examination, alike into methods and into probable results, than it appears so far to have received. We are certainly entitled—nay, almost bound, before surrendering ourselves to his guidance, to ascertain, as far as may be possible, what are the teachings of experience upon the subject, and what are the conditions under which continued improvement of progeny may be expected to reward systematic efforts for its attainment.

It may at once be conceded that Mr. Galton's main argument appeals to a persuasion which, from time immemorial, has almost universally obtained. Concerning the influence of ancestry there was not, in pre-scientific days, there is scarcely, even at present, any difference of opinion. A belief in this influence is, as Metternich wrote of 'nationality,' '*une idée qui dit tout et qui ne dit rien, mais qui remplit le monde.*' The general resemblance usually borne by offspring to their parents must always have been a matter of common observation which could not be denied; and the exceptions might easily be disregarded or explained away. The ruler or the great man held his position by virtue of distinguished prowess or of proved sagacity; and it would seem to be in harmony with general experience that his high qualities should reappear in his children and in his children's children. In many countries the stronger and wiser members of the community were able to hold themselves apart as a class or as classes—the stronger often as soldiers, the wiser as priests; and hence they were also able to develop by education the inherited advantages of their descendants. They often claimed to be themselves of divine origin, or, at least, to be descended from the offspring of human damsels by super-human sires; and such a claim was not only admitted by those

around them, but was admitted as an adequate explanation of their superiority, and often took its place among the tenets of the locally prevailing religion. The genealogies of the great furnished themes to minstrels, and were recited on occasions of festivity, with the result that some of these genealogies became traditional, and found their way into written and even into printed history. Their preservation has sometimes been supposed by later generations to afford evidence of the substantial truth of the legends which they embodied, and some of these have even been regarded as sufficiently authentic to be served up afresh, by the editors of evening papers in our own day, whenever either the heads or the cadets of the families concerned have been promoted to official or diplomatic positions, or have succeeded in rendering themselves conspicuous in relation to any public or private affairs.

We may certainly infer, from many facts which must be familiar to every reader, that a large proportion of English people are sufficiently convinced of the value of good descent to be in full sympathy with the declaration of the great historian, that 'our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.' The question of real interest may, indeed, be limited to an endeavour to ascertain to what extent the 'prejudices' in question are well founded, or what advantages, if any, descent from ancestors of physical and intellectual capability is calculated to afford. The question is one of no small complication, and, consequently, of no small difficulty.

Starting from the obvious fact that every child has two parents and four grandparents, an easy calculation will show that, were it not for marriages between people more or less akin to one another, every person would be descended from no fewer than 3,194,302 ancestors in the course of seven hundred years (twenty-one generations); but this number must be diminished to an undiscoverable extent by marriages either of near or of distant consanguinity. A husband and wife who are not manifestly related have, of course, eight grandparents between them; but those who are first cousins have only six, and more remote kinship progressively diminishes the number of more remote ancestors. Even after making allowance for this diminution, the figures render it highly probable that, in the whole native population of this country,

there is at least some degree of blood relationship between almost any two persons taken at random. The population of England and Wales in 1650 was estimated, on the bases furnished by a number of parish registers, to be 5,450,000, and there is little probability that it exceeded three millions at the beginning of the thirteenth century; so that, apart from the influence of relationships and of immigration, every individual now living in the country would have had more ancestors in the year 1206 than the total of the then existing inhabitants of the kingdom. If we also take into consideration the fact that there has never been any absolute barrier between classes in this country, the poor having always had opportunities for rising in the social scale, and the rich having always been liable to misfortunes which brought them to the level of the poor, it is fair to infer that, on the whole, there must be a greater community of descent among English people than is commonly supposed. The English traveller who was asked in Germany if he were noble, and who replied that all Englishmen were noble, was probably much nearer to the truth than he suspected.

The middle or bourgeois class, in all countries, must be regarded as of comparatively recent origin, and as having come into existence by an amalgamation of persons risen from the peasantry or from servitude with those who have fallen from the ranks of the military or sacerdotal caste or of the noblesse. The proportions of the ingredients would vary in different communities, and could scarcely be ascertained in any. The patrician families of old Rome disappeared during the darkest period of history, but it is hardly to be supposed that they left no inheritors either of the virtues by which they had been distinguished or of the vices which contributed to the downfall of the Empire. The descents from these families which were claimed at the time of the Renaissance were of an extremely doubtful character, based upon so-called evidence of a kind which could only be accepted when historical research was practically unknown. Gibbon's account of the descent of an English family from 'the purple of three emperors who reigned at Constantinople' has long been relegated to the domain of fable; and no authentic pedigrees can be carried beyond periods covered by records which are still existing and available for reference. Such records in early times dealt only with personages of high rank, and left the mass of the people unnoticed; while some of them, as, for example, the roll of the

knights who landed in England with the Conqueror, are said to have been enlarged and falsified by successive custodians. A large proportion of the English nobility was swept away during the wars of the Roses, and many cadets of their houses either sought refuge abroad or avoided the vengeance of the conquerors by becoming merged and lost in the commonalty. The oldest existing English families are mostly indebted for their preservation to the circumstance that their remote ancestors were prudent rather than ambitious, and were content to cultivate the paternal acres in tranquil obscurity, instead of engaging in the conflicts of political life, and incurring the dangers which these entailed upon the vanquished. It follows that, in England at least, there are but few possible examples of the descent of uncommon virtues or capacities through a long succession of generations ; and, inasmuch as neither virtue nor capacity has ever been absent from the national counsels, it may be argued that descent from ancestors displaying these qualities is at least not essential to their possession. It may be observed that, of the large number of persons in this country who are able to trace a descent from former sovereigns, scarcely any have become distinguished but those whose intermediate ancestors have been enriched and ennobled by the bounty of the Crown, and who have therefore enjoyed advantages denied to the great majority of their countrymen. Nor can it be said that these advantages have sufficed to place any of the persons concerned in the front rank of statesmen or of soldiers. The most authentic examples of long and illustrious descent which English history can furnish are far from sustaining the claims which are sometimes advanced on its behalf ; and sometimes, indeed, have been of a description to recall to mind the words of Juvenal, in whatever manner the phrase *sensus communis* should be interpreted :

'Hæc satis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama superbum
Tradit, et inflatum, plerumque Nerone propinquo.
Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.'

If we turn from history to physiology, what is it, in the way of inheritance either from near or from remote ancestors, that we are entitled to expect ? Much, undoubtedly, both as to physical formation and intellectual capacity, but no one can say either how much or in what direction. The human embryo appears to contain rudimentary elements derived from many preceding generations of both sexes ; but the conditions which call some of these

elements into active development, or which condemn others to dormancy, are certainly not known, and can scarcely even be conjectured. 'C'est qu'il y a toutes les apparences possibles,' wrote Malebranche, 'que les hommes gardent encore aujourd'hui dans leur cerveau des traces et des impressions de leurs premiers parens.' They sometimes appear to retain such traces not only 'dans leur cerveau,' but throughout their bodies. Everyone acquainted with families in which an ancestor or ancestress has been of dark race, African or Asiatic, must have noticed how often the characteristics of such descent disappear in some individuals, and become prominent in others, even through successive generations. I know a family in which all the boys but one write in a very similar manner, manifestly from imitation of the writing of their schoolmaster. The exceptional boy writes a totally different hand, precisely like that of his paternal grandfather, who died five-and-twenty years before he was born, and whose writing he never saw until it was produced for comparison with his own. I know a lady with no very conspicuous resemblance to her own brothers, but who can stand to-day under Highmore's portrait of her great-grandfather's sister, painted in 1745, and who might very well pass for the original of the picture. Similar examples are numerous, and parallel examples of the inheritance of intellectual peculiarities—that is, of brain formation or development—are perhaps equally common, although they are less easy to observe or to demonstrate. We also see instances of development by antagonism—that is to say, instances in which some marked ancestral peculiarity has been avoided or suppressed in descendants. It is trite to observe that the son of a miser is frequently a spendthrift.

Whatever may be the explanation, I think it is certain that the power of amassing money, independently of general ability in other directions, constitutes a notable characteristic of some individuals; and that this power, which, when it is displayed in a moderate degree, and when it depends upon what might be described as prudence or foresight, is apt to be handed down from generation to generation, is more apt to perish with its possessor when it is present in a very high degree, and is dependent upon a faculty which might be described as genius if it were displayed in a different sphere of action. I spent my boyhood in a locality which afforded an example of the former kind, and in which the Rev. Sydney Smith was the holder of a living which he occasionally visited, and where his presence was always a stimulus to the

hospitality of the neighbourhood. He one day took down to dinner a very stately lady, the heiress of an old family in the district, whose forbears had for generations been regarded as thrifty. They had added acre to acre and farm to farm, and had not wasted their substance in contested elections. At the first lull in the noise of the dinner-table, it became apparent that this lady, instead of giving Mr. Smith opportunities to shine, was instructing him on the subject of family likenesses. 'Even nails, Mr. Smith,' she was heard to say, in a thin and high-pitched voice, 'even nails run in families.' 'I have frequently observed it,' was the prompt reply, '*and so do screws.*'

My own experience as a professional man has lain so much apart from commercial undertakings that I do not know to what extent things may have altered during the last half-century; but I well remember being told, sixty years ago, by a London merchant of high repute, that no great commercial fortune had ever been made in a single lifetime except by successful delinquency, and that such fortunes, when made, had scarcely ever been retained by the descendants of those who made them. The opportunities of the present day are greater than those of the past, and the standard of business integrity may possibly be different; but experience confirms what I think physiology would teach—first, that the excessive development of any single faculty, such as that of money-getting, is apt to be attended by an under development of others, by which the former might be held in check, or by which, at least, the character, as a whole, might be rendered more complete; and, secondly, that the engrossment of one parent by a single object of pursuit is liable to leave the offspring to derive both intellectual and physical characteristics mainly from the other, and thus to produce a one-sidedness of inheritance which is often perplexing to superficial observers.

The superiority of any man to the average of his species, supposing it to exist, may clearly be physical, intellectual, or moral, or all of these in combination. We may regard the organs which are subservient to nutrition as constituting a laboratory for the conversion of food into force; we may regard the muscular system as an apparatus by which force is applied to the physical environment; and we may regard large portions of the brain as an apparatus by which force is employed in the performance of intellectual operations. Everybody knows that a physically strong body, in which abundant force is made available for the mainten-

ance of effort, is one in which a sound digestion is supplied with a sufficiency of nutriment. In the absence of these conditions, not only will the muscles be weak and flaccid, or otherwise structurally deficient, but the force by which their operations should be sustained will also be deficient, and the person labouring under these disadvantages will be physically weak, unfit for or incapable of strenuous or prolonged bodily effort. It is only by the conversion of sufficient food that the strong body can be built up; and deprivation of food is sufficient to reduce the strongest body to the level of the weakest. As far as general principles are concerned, the same facts apply to the brain and to the power of using it for the purposes of the intelligence; and food is as essential to the power and practice of thinking as it is to the establishment and maintenance of bodily vigour. In at least one sense, bodily vigour is itself essential to the power and practice of thinking, because the activity of the brain is dependent upon the amount and steadiness of its blood supply, and these are dependent upon the working of the great central muscle, the heart.

If we compare individuals who have grown up amid a sufficient supply of their bodily requirements, we shall find great differences among them in respect both of bodily strength and of intellectual capacity, as well as a general tendency for their characteristics in these respects to be reproduced in their offspring. Workmen who wield hammers or make embankments are usually men of limited intelligence; and the tendency of their children will be to develop muscle after the type of the fathers. The philosopher is usually a man whose muscular system has never been a prominent feature of his organisation; and his children are more likely to be remarkable for intellectual than for bodily vigour. In both cases, the results may primarily be due to inheritance of structure, and, very likely, to inherited differences in the relative magnitudes of the blood-vessels which respectively supply the muscular system and the brain. Differences thus originating would be maintained and increased by differences of employment during growth and adolescence, and would become pronounced before manhood was attained. The average son of the philosopher would be likely to fall out from the ranks of spade labour; the average son of the labourer could perhaps never be made to understand the bearing of an algebraic formula upon the problems which it was designed to solve.

Assuming, as physiology assumes, that a healthy infant comes into the world furnished with some hundreds of millions of brain-

cells in a rudimentary condition, derived from a variety of ancestral sources, capable either of undergoing complete development or of remaining rudimentary to the close of life, and each presumably limited, if or when developed, to the performance of its own proper function as a source of motion, of sensation, or of thought, it is certain that capacity for development, whether in one direction or in several, increases with the general improvement of the race. The lowest savages cannot count beyond ten ; and those somewhat higher in the scale cannot be educated beyond the level of civilised childhood. They go on well to about that point, and there they stop, the limit of their intellectual capacity having been reached. It would require centuries of cultivation to raise such people to the average European level ; but, as a process of an analogous kind has clearly been going on during the past in all the countries which are now civilised, there must be ground for believing that descent from cultivated ancestors is not only a step, but an essential step, towards the attainment of a still higher cultivation. To whatever extent ancestry may mean descent from persons of more highly developed intelligence than their neighbours, such ancestry is an advantage which those possessing it should strive to utilise, and which ought to be equivalent to a start in advance of competitors in the race of life. The degree in which, among the prosperous classes of our own day, the conditions assumed are verified, is often, I think, extremely doubtful ; insomuch that the children of the wealthy seem sometimes to be hindered, rather than assisted, by the very circumstances which might appear likely to be sources of advantage to them. Our social system has been described by an American observer as an elaborate machinery for putting inferior people into positions of prominence and responsibility ; and, I think, it must be admitted that those who are advanced by its agency do not invariably display any special fitness for the duties and responsibilities imposed upon them. The individuals who have been selected for military command have not always been conspicuous for military genius ; and, if we may judge from the estimates of prominent politicians which are made by their opponents, it is still true that the world is governed by an extremely small modicum of wisdom. If we except the able lawyers who seek in politics a ladder leading to some goal of professional ambition, few impartial observers will contend that the majority of the occupants even of the front benches in Parliament display sufficient capacity to justify a belief that they could have attained eminence by their

unaided efforts ; and Mr. Bright's description of a cabinet minister among his contemporaries as 'a dull man' might be extended, without manifest impropriety, to many who have grasped the reins of power, and have basked in the smiles of fortune. Descent from a great statesman, or from a great philosopher, unless neutralised by ill-health, or by adverse circumstances, or by some possibly undiscoverable strain of cross-breeding, might reasonably justify an expectation of high intellectual capacity ; but descent from a family enriched by trade or politics within the last hundred or hundred and fifty years, as it would afford no evidence of any special powers in the progenitors, so it would not justify great expectations from the offspring. On the contrary, it is more in harmony with experience for a young man born 'with a silver spoon in his mouth' to allow the possibilities of his intellect to remain dormant, and to waste his time in frivolous and unworthy amusements, than for him so to cultivate his faculties as to advance beyond the standard of his forefathers, and to pave the way for a still farther advance on the part of his children. The Emperor Napoleon III., writing from Ham in 1840 on certain of the acts of his uncle, regretted '*la création d'une noblesse qui, dès le lendemain de la chute de son chef, a oublié son origine plébéienne pour faire cause commune avec ses oppresseurs.*' The gilded youth of our own time, whatever latent possibilities they may possess by virtue of descent, are too often ignorant of things which every wise man would seek to know, and are learned, if at all, chiefly about things of which a wise man would be contentedly ignorant. Even the supreme satisfaction with themselves which they sometimes display cannot be without its influence in rendering them unconscious of deficiencies which, if they were only recognised, might not be beyond the reach of remedy. They often need to learn that their favourite occupations, even when they excel in them, are not of a kind by which improvement, either of brain or of body, is likely to be promoted either in themselves or in their descendants. Montaigne says truly that '*la précellence rare et au-dessus du commun messied à un homme d'honneur en chose frivole,*' and Plato did not admire the skill of Anniceris, who drove his chariot a hundred rounds without once deviating from the same track. The philosopher said that a person who took so much pains to perfect himself in so useless an art could have no leisure for any great or noble employment, and must of necessity neglect those things which were really praiseworthy. It is certain that the degradation of the

faculties to unworthy pursuits, or to vulgar amusements, is likely to induce a corresponding degradation of brain tissue, and that this in its turn is likely to be handed down to offspring. An analogous effect is likely to be produced, relatively at least, in the cases of those persons of good ancestry who are content to confine their energies within some narrow field, and to leave uncultivated the larger and more valuable portions of the intellectual inheritance to which they may have been born. If, therefore, there be any advantage in descent from distinguished ancestors (and that there is can scarcely be denied), this advantage can only be realised when the family traditions have been observed and respected, and when opportunities of farther distinction have been sought and grasped by successive generations. Any such advantage, as deterioration is usually easier and more rapid than improvement, is likely to be lost when a position gained by the ancestor is accepted as a resting-place by descendants who make no farther effort to excel. I refer, of course, to advantages of organisation alone, and not to those which are given by wealth, or by facilities for intercourse with persons of high station. A glance at the world will show that, as far as immediate or temporary success is concerned, the latter are usually more important than the former; but intellectual decadence under the influence of idleness and luxury can only be prevented by sustained intellectual effort. In the absence of such effort, we see people of good station who proclaim belief in superstitions as abject as those of the most degraded savages, in such, for example, as the so-called 'Christian Science'; and we see the nominal ruler of a great empire committing its destinies and his own to the control of ignorant priests and mercenary conjurers. The organic advantages of ancestry can at best be only potential, and must be diligently cultivated in order that they may be secured.

It has already been pointed out that, in this country at least, a comparatively humble social position is by no means incompatible with descent from a distinguished progenitor or progenitors; but physiology has not attained to any definite knowledge either of the degree of remoteness which would probably or certainly prevent the reappearance of ancestral characteristics, or of the circumstances by which those characteristics might be assisted in asserting themselves against others derived from more recent parentage. I am acquainted with a family in which the young people stand in the same degree of collateral relationship, and that

the nearest, save by direct descent, which the lapse of time permits, to three remarkable personages : namely, to one of the most beautiful Englishwomen of the eighteenth century, whose charms have been preserved by the pencil of Romney, to perhaps the most learned woman of the same period, and to England's greatest naval hero ; but I do not know of any grounds on which it would be possible to predict for them an eventual resemblance, either physical or intellectual, to any of their distinguished kinsfolk, or to one of them rather than to the others. If these young people hereafter become in any way eminent, their relationships will no doubt be remembered, and will be accepted as affording at least a partial explanation of their eminence ; but, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, these relationships cannot be held to justify prophecy. They are no more than unknown quantities, and they may be counterbalanced, in the equation of life, by quantities equally unknown upon the other side. The common use of the word atavism, with no special reference to ancestors of the *atavus* degree, is a sufficient evidence of the frequency with which the reappearance of remote ancestral forms has been observed ; and it is noteworthy that, in the lower animals, atavism is most common in the offspring of parents whose own characteristics have been modified in different directions during intermediate generations. The established varieties of pigeon, for example, will usually breed true as between themselves ; but a cross between two established varieties is apt to revert towards the original stock. It would be interesting to learn whether a human *mésalliance* is calculated to produce any similar effect ; but the inquiry is complicated by the consideration that an apparent *mésalliance* may not always be a real one, and that a real one may not of necessity be apparent. If the qualities of nobility are sometimes displayed by the peasant, it is at least equally true that the qualities of the boor are sometimes displayed by the noble. Napoleon's '*Grattez le Russe*' is of very wide application.

Nor must it be forgotten, in considering the effects of race upon offspring, that standing still is impossible, and that decadence, which is at least as possible as improvement, is perhaps not greatly more uncommon. The saying, *fors non mutat genus*, sounds prettily, but its accuracy is disproved by a glance at a world in which genus, in the sense of the saying, is of all things the most mutable. If we consider the children of some great men, we shall think that the *quot libras* of Juvenal is as applicable to descendants

as to ashes, and that Ishbosheth and Richard Cromwell are types rather than exceptions. The latter especially, if we contrast his record with that of his brother Henry, affords one of the many examples which suggest that the powers of a race may be exhausted in individuals, and that the sons of a great man may revert to the inferior type of some less highly developed ancestor.

As far as I am aware, in countries in which a distinction of ranks has, as far as possible, been maintained, there is no evidence of any general preponderance, either of intellectual or of physical development, in the 'classes' as compared with the 'masses,' due allowance being made for the greater opportunities and advantages of the former. In France, at the revolutionary period, a pure-blooded aristocracy conspicuously displayed some of the virtues which it had been traditional in their order to cultivate; but the strong men of the period, with a few exceptions such as Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and La Fayette, were furnished by the ranks of the bourgeoisie. If we turn to the United States, we shall find no lack of heroes, of statesmen, or of philosophers, springing, for the most part, from comparatively unknown or undistinguished progenitors.

In our own country, where there has been a continually increasing admixture of ranks, the descent from which most may be expected is probably one which has afforded to successive generations the advantages of sufficient education for the continuous development of the intellectual powers, and of sufficient position for the continuous exercise of responsibility, coupled with such moderate wealth and station and with such recurring duties as to preserve the persons concerned both from the exhaustion of bodily labour and from the snares of luxury and idleness. The descendants of successive generations of learned and conscientious clergy, of naval or military officers of respectable position, and of country gentlemen supported by their paternal acres, but compelled to send their younger sons into the world, are more likely, other things being equal, to become statesmen, or fighters, or investigators, or guides of public opinion, than the descendants either of those who have had fewer opportunities of intellectual or moral development, or of those whose powers have been taxed to the utmost in advancing their own interests or in maintaining their own positions. Anyone who knows London could point out gentlemen who have ruled over Oriental populations with more than the power of Roman proconsuls, and who, in their retirement, may be seen, umbrella in hand, waiting for the omnibuses which will

convey them to the suburban homes in which they live upon modest pensions. These men, and the classes from which they spring, form no small part of the strength of the British Empire ; and they are descended, as a rule, from the gentle blood and the moderate affluence which I have described. Their histories exemplify, in many cases, what Kinglake wrote of the position of Lord Clyde at the outbreak of the Crimean War, that, ' after serving with all this glory for some forty-four years, he came back to England ; but between the Queen and him there stood a dense crowd of families—men, women, and children—extending further than the eye could reach, and armed with strange precedents which made it out to be right that people who had seen no service should be invested with high command, and that Sir Colin Campbell should be only a colonel.' The titled descendants of bakers or candlestick makers, of lord mayors or aldermen, are often found in positions which it would seem the natural prerogative of men of better race and better record to occupy ; and it is only in times of public peril that the caprices of fortune, or the abuses of patronage, are corrected by the hard teachings of necessity.

On the basis of some of the foregoing considerations, there is reason to believe that inherited structure and tendencies may occupy a prominent place among the elements which determine the sum of the faculties in any individual ; and, so far, there is reason to regard descent from a strong and wise ancestry as affording at least a probability of inherited strength and wisdom. But the question is manifestly complicated by the consequences of cultivation or of neglect, as well as by the cross currents of inheritance, even from remote ancestors, which may modify or reverse the tendencies proceeding from parents or grandparents. The difficulty of allowing for these cross currents is increased by our ordinary ignorance of their nature. Few people have any knowledge of the characteristics even of the paternal *atavus* ; fewer still of those of more remote ancestors or of the distaff side of the pedigree. A distinguished medical writer has expressed a wish that a knowledge of the influence and consequences of heredity could be more widely diffused than at present ; but my own opinion is that the knowledge in question has not yet been gained, and that its acquirement is a necessary preliminary to its diffusion.

In this view, I fear that Mr. Francis Galton would not concur. I gather from his writings that he thinks it possible to bring about a progressive improvement of the human race by selection in

marriage, and also that he looks forward to a future when such selection 'will be required by the national conscience, and will become an orthodox religious tenet.' Before this time arrives, we must, I think, be able to explain a familiar series of phenomena. It is not uncommon to find, in the same family, children differing widely from one another in physique, in temperament, in capacity, or in all three; and, so long as no one can explain such differences among the children of the same parents, the fact that they arise shows the impossibility of predicting the results of any marriage, or of selecting a husband or a wife in order that any desired result may be produced. One cannot but shy a little at Mr. Galton's appeal to 'conscience,' so much has that unhappy faculty been dragged through the dirt by anti-vaccinators, political dissenters, passive resisters, and the rest; but it would be difficult to read his writings about 'Eugenics' without becoming in some degree infected by his enthusiasm. It is none the less manifest that a fulfilment of his expectations would imply a remodelling of our social system, and a radical change in the position now held by money as a factor in matrimonial alliances. Before such a change can be effected, it will at least be necessary that the laws of inheritance should be as firmly established as those of physics, and that the consequences produced by violations of them should have been brought home to successive generations by the hard teachings of experience.

R. BRUDENELL CARTER.

THE COUNTESS OF PICPUS.¹

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

CHAPTER I.

THE STAG AT BORDEAUX.

IN the month of May, the singing month, and year 1428, Captain Brazenhead, 'late of Burgundy, formerly of Milan,' or, as he chose to describe himself just then, Captain Salomon, *Franc Routier*, having seen to the bringing up of the pink *Bonne Espérance* to a buoy in the swirling river Gironde, having sworn in three languages at the master and his mariners, who knew but two apiece, and having forced the tears into his eyes more than once by the violent twist he had given his moustachios, said finally, 'It is well,' and had himself pulled ashore into the King of England's good town of Bordeaux. The hour was early, marking that silver pause of time ere the sun first kindles vane and turret, and scandal can once more be talked by the classically inclined of Aurora and old Tithonus. Save for a few towled and sprawling malefactors, a stevedore or two, a musing sailor, a sentry, and a friar minor raking over garbage, Captain Salomon headed for a city of dead men; and yet, as he sat facing towers and battlements, stately astern, he were a spectacle for Bordeaux to wonder at, had not Bordeaux been so deeply abed. Arrayed in a blood-coloured cloak, his sword upon his knee, one keen eye of him, the bony and red ridge of his nose and the ends of his moustachios only to be seen—all the rest steel bonnet and blood—he might have been a duke regnant homing to his faithful duchy, an Admiral of Venice returning with the spoils of Eastern warfare. To some few eyes, anxious and watchful on the quay, he did appear as a portent. And yet it is the fact that there was not a rascal there, purposing to help himself by helping this impending arrival, who had less idea of how he was going to do it than Captain Salomon himself had of what he was going to do when he landed. He surveyed the tide, he marked the shipping. There, fast moored and empty now, lay

¹ Copyright, 1907, by Maurice Hewlett in the United States of America.

the galleons which had of late brought men and treasure crowding to the war; and he swore to himself as his boat brought up against the stairs, 'If fate must have it that I fight in this good land of France, let it be for France that I draw my sword. England, England!' he cried, 'thou who hast forsworn me, be thou of me forsworn!' No matter now what was his grief against our country and his, though the tale be fruitful. He strikes thus, at the outset, a tragic note, which the experienced will mark and record.

Boarding the quay briskly, he set off as one whose errand is cut and dried. This was due, not to an errand, for he had none, but to a maxim of his which said, Do, if you would think. And another also said, Seem to be busy if you would be so. He rejected all offers of guidance, with a wave of the hand and a snorting 'Si je connois Bordeaux—Ha, Dieu!' which were decisive; and he was merciless to the friendly salutes of such ladies as he encountered: 'Beauty avoid, Here is a tempered blade.' If he knew not where to find what he sought, and it is probable that he did not, seeing that he had never in his life set foot in Bordeaux before, he knew how to place himself within an ace of it. He struck boldly up the Rue de la Ferrière, and, Providence directing, the very first person he jostled cried an acquaintance. 'Comrade, all hail! What, little drinker, is it thou?' It was pretty to see how he embraced the man. 'Save thee, old companion, 'tis never thou!' Both cheeks were kissed, back and breast were patted, both shoulders were held and their owner swayed to and fro like a loosened post; and all this without the remotest notion in Captain Salomon's head how the devil this old friend might be called. 'That botch on the chops I know, and do believe that I gave him the broken jaw it signifies. That drooping eyelid, that nick in it—is it possible I sliced him there? Very possible, by Cock.' He knew the man, he knew the man, but could not give him a name. What of that? The man invited him to drink a cup at The Stag; then the man was honest—and, 'If I take to him,' thought Captain Brazenhead, 'as kindly as I take to this his proposal, I'll have the name out of him before we come to "Host, another of your best."' Without more said, he crooked his arm to accommodate the man of the drooping eyelid.

Tongues ruled high and easy in the kitchen of The Stag. The mistress of the house sent the turnspit out to play, lest he should become wise before the time; for the reminiscences of these two eminent men spared neither age nor sex. As for the maids, one

of them set foot over the threshold with the morning's bread, and was in the room for just so long as it takes to put a batch in the oven. She entered religion in the afternoon of the same day in the Ursuline Convent, and broke the heart of the scrivener's apprentice who loved her. But she said that it must be so, for that she had never known until that moment what men were or women could be. This is very much of a piece with Captain Brazenhead's report of himself, that when, upon his return from the Lombardy wars, he made his confession in the Church of Allhallows at Barking, the priest who shrove him died in the night, howling like a wolf. And yet the conversation which furnishes me with this anecdote was but so much opening music: it was not until the sun was reddening the roofs of Bordeaux and, reflecting from a window, struck into the filmy eye and drooping eyelid of Captain Salomon's friend that any serious effort was made by my hero to come to what you might call terms with the man.

But then he hinted—the man hinted—at proper business, men's business of iron and hard knocks, which had called him to Bordeaux and out of the snugest quarters that ever soldier had; to traverse France from end to end, to slink by the mountains of Navarre, and enter Guienne under cover of night lest he might be caught by the French and taken out of his lawful quarrel to enter into one with which he had no concern. By 'lawful quarrel' he was easily understood to mean that for which he was paid. Burgundy and England were his friends, he said, and France was the enemy, since France had designs precisely where he had. Burgundy he had approached; he had been to Dijon, thence to Besançon, and there had seen the Duke's Chancellor. Burgundy said him not nay; Burgundy would advise. And now he was at Bordeaux with messages for the Regent of England and the Earl of Salisbury, but the one was in Paris and the other before Orleans—and meantime he had met 'his friend here.'

It was now apparent to our listener that his mysterious acquaintance was as completely ignorant of his name as he himself was of the speaker's. Being a good judge of physiognomy, he could not doubt that an excellent villainy was afoot; of which, however, he must know more before he committed himself. He was careful in his approach, therefore, not disguising for a moment the truth that he was for hire, but affecting a squeamishness which he was far from feeling as to what manner of service he would take. He dandled his foot, he looked about; clacked his tongue over the

wine. 'A cold vintage this Bordelais, ha? Not a wine that stays by you, ha? No, no, old marksman, give me the rich vats of Volnay! Or Hermitage seven years in cellar. You are right, you are right, chevalier; Burgundy is the friend of honest men. Hey, the golden slopes, the dark-blue water, the cradling women of Beaujolais! Ever lovely to me! Well, if your quarrel is just, it is enough for you. It should be, to have led you so far. But for me, companion, for me—I play the great game. I have played it too long, and, I say it, too stoutly to relish another. Your cattle-lifting, your taking of toll from merchants and pedlars, your petticoat-work, your piracy, your fly-by-night, password, privy-post work—no, no! I set princes on their thrones, I link duchy to duchy; by me kings reign, and queens' dowries are made fatter. Why, gamester, you should know me better! Where is your border warfare then?'

It is to be judged that Captain Salomon was boasting. So he was, but with design. He wished to provoke the truth out of his friend, and he did provoke some of it. Very earnestly regarding him out of his unhindered eye, that friend put a hand upon his knee. 'A duchy is concerned in my errand,' he said, 'and a county also. The most nobly made lady in Provence is touched upon her honour, and a most reverend prelate offended. I recruit you, chieftain; chivalry calls you—and this token, which is earnest of more.' He drew out of his breast a purse; out of that he chose two rose nobles. With one he chinked for the score, and paid it, the other he handed to his friend, who bit it and was satisfied. Both gentlemen rose; the man of money put his hand upon the shoulder of the man of wiles. 'We need you, my lord,' he said, 'we need your sword-arm; come with us. I depart within a few days, having done my errand. I was bidden levy a troop—and I have levied you! A troop! I have in you an army for the field. Make this your quarters, free lodging and entertainment is yours. You will hear of me when you will at all hours. Till our next meeting—remember Jack Pym.'

Pym! If he remembered Jack Pym! The Captain slapped a peck of dust out of his thigh as he entirely failed to remember him. He raked into the drabbest deeps of his memory, explored a history which had been more happily forgotten and expended an ingenuity which had been better employed. He did not remember Jack Pym; of that he was clear, and clear he was also that he did not like him. 'A very paltry, sententious dog, this Pym,'

he considered, 'with an eyelid like a guttering candle. I fancy the man as little as I fancy a boiled fish, and I doubt his business here. Yet he has money'—he looked at a fine coin in his hand which men give not to men for nothing—'and while he has money it might be well'—he pocketed the coin—'to see much more of Pym.'

He stood, considering Pym and his capacities, in the doorway of The Stag, looking out upon the Rue de la Ferrière ; and—see how things fall out for heroes and rogues alike ! A girl was before him, trundling a mop, a girl in a green stuff petticoat and bodice of pink. She was comely, with dusty gold hair and gray eyes ; and either her shape, which was very pleasant, on the side of plumpness, or a demure yet provocative look which she had, arrested his attention. It arrested the progress of his thoughts, for he stopped them, withdrew them from Pym, stroked his chin, took a turn up the street, stopped and again stroked his chin, returned upon his steps, cleared his throat, flicked upwards his moustachios, looked at the flawless blue of the sky, and all of a sudden burst into melody of the most ear-piercing kind—melody which awoke the echoes of Bordeaux, set all the donkeys braying, and the guards running about to find the disturber of the king's peace.

'O dear my love, my Pericles,'
 Thus soft Aspasie she did sigh,
 'If so you play in companies,
 'How would you do when none were by ?'
 'Come, chuck,' quod he, 'come out and try.'

You should chorus the last line ; but none chorused it in Bordeaux. As for the girl who had evoked it, she stood finger in mouth, elbow to mop, wondering upon the fine florid singer.

While she wondered he was gone—but not far. He had crossed the street and entered a narrow alley, the Tournant Bercy, at the end of which a patch of fine colour—the flower market—had caught his eye. Before she had had time to twirl her mop a dozen times he was back, crossing the Rue de la Ferrière on tip-toe, a propitiating smile upon his face, one hand extended forwards, in that hand a flower ; one backward, and in that the folds of his blood-coloured cloak. In another moment he was at close quarters ; the flower, a clove carnation, was under her chin, its stalk in her clasp.

'For the fairest,' said Captain Brazenhead, and looked at her out of one eye. The other was closed.

'Oh, sir,' she said—and the stalk of the flower went into her mouth, and thence the flower itself dangled, while the conversation, if such it can be called, became fluent and intimate.

She told him, in reply to questions, that her name was Nicole la-Grâce-de-Dieu, and that she came from Nogent-le-Rotrou in the Orléanais, or as good as in it—in it, that is, when the French were in fettle, and out again when the English came up. She was one of the maids in the kitchen of The Stag, hired by the year for one hundred sols and a new gown at Lady Day. She was affectionately disposed towards Simon Muschamp, who was one of the singing-men in the church of Saint-Michel-le-Grand, and a great musician. He had promised to marry her when her year was up, and she believed that he would keep his word. She liked flowers as much as other girls did, but of course she had to be careful—and she was his humble servant.

'It is otherwise, far otherwise, beautiful Nicole,' said Captain Brazenhead. 'Listen now to me.' Whereupon he told her as many surprising things about himself as he could remember or invent upon the spur of the moment. As for instance, he said that he was the seventh child of a seventh child, perilously born in the seventh month; that, previously to his birth, his mother, a distant relative of the Sophy, had dreamed of basilisks at play in a flowery mead—a thing which had never happened to her before any of his six brothers saw the light; that he had been bred to arms from his youth up and had done feats on horseback and afoot which he hesitated to relate because of her youth and inexperience. He did, however, give her to understand that ladies had sighed for him, not always in vain; that perfumed gloves, for instance, had been wont to fall at his feet as he walked the streets of nights, particularly in Italy, which he knew well. Ladders too, of silk, and of remarkable lightness and pliancy, had unfolded themselves from leafy balconies and invited him to romantic adventure more times than he could afford to remember. He had twice been to Avignon and saluted the Pope; once as vassal to lord, once—'but then he had affronted me, I own'—as man to man. The Court was no more strange to him than camp or bower. 'Sir John Falstaff was my friend. I shared Harry with him, our late king whom God assoil. The king that now is—royal imp of Windsor—how many times he hath jogged upon this knee I care not to say; more times than thou art years old, maiden, belike.' He clapped his hand to his heart, and opened his second eye upon

the girl. 'Battered, indifferent wicked, hardy, deep in craft and counsel, unwearied in adventure—what I have been is all one. What I may be is before you, lady. Fortune calls; I see the white road of honour winding like a ribbon among the stony rocks. I go, I go, Fortune; for so it is decreed of all the Brazenheads. But I should be a recreant to the blood I boast did I either of two things—turn my back upon peril or my eyes away from a beauteous maid. I have touched you, I see!' He had, it is true. Nicole wore a becoming blush and suffered an unquiet breast. 'Ha!' he cried, 'and a singing mouse seeks you to be his. Oh, bleater of anthems, beware of the soldier!' A little more of such eloquence was enough. With a promise from Nicole that she would wait upon him at supper, 'if her mistress would permit her,' Captain Brazenhead went blithely on his errands, if errands he had, in this good town of Bordeaux.

CHAPTER II.

VI ET ARMIS.

SIMON MUSCHAMP, the singing-man of Saint-Michel-le-Grand, proved to be a *rusé* youth of a pale and narrow cast of features, who said little, twiddled his thumbs, and watched that irritating and endless procession of them with moody satisfaction. He was a native of Brabant, out of place at Bordeaux, very much in the Captain's way when he chose to make an inconvenient appearance at the supper-table at which the fair Nicole had been invited to wait, and he had not. He drank the Captain's wine, and, so to put it, did not allow the Captain to do more than hold his to the light. He was thus the cause of considerable constraint; for the lady was very prudent, and though prudence carried up to a point in affairs of gallantry is piquant, carried beyond it, it's the deuce. The Captain—spectacle of a good man struggling with calamity—did his best to bear off the thing with a high hand. He called Nicole his charmer and a rose of Sharon, kissed her hand a dozen times; he was affable to Simon, asked for a specimen of his music, inquired into his affairs and promised to use his interest, hoped that he kept his health, and that his aged mother kept hers, was shocked to find that she was no more, and so on. Nevertheless, he found that Simon had a cold and critical eye frequently upon him and always with disapproval, and a way of

turning down the corners of his mouth, when the tale took a higher flight than usual, which tended to shut Nicole's rosy lips—wonderfully open before—to a kind of judicial primness, and, in short, 'took the brine' out of our man like a flood of cold water. Brine was a very necessary concomitant in the Brazenhead mixture. 'I'm a savoury ham, and that's a fact,' he was accustomed to say, 'but you might as well eat an egg without salt as souse the devil out before you enjoy me.' A narrow rivalry irked him; he was by no means jealous, would have shared such favours as might be allotted and welcome; but he was not to be scared off by a singing-man, and when he reflected that in a day or so's time Pym might claim him for the road, and Simon be left in serene possession, he felt prickles at the back of his neck, which meant that his hair in those parts was standing up, and was a bad sign.

He had found out in the course of an adventurous life that it was a mistake to deny yourself what was to be had for trouble, and was not long in coming at a short way of dealing with Simon. He intended him no bodily hurt at the moment, but was firmly of opinion that, for the sake of his own dignity, if Nicole was not to be his, neither might she be Simon's. 'That upon which Brazenhead casts a favouring eye must be Brazenhead's or God's. If so be that I must take the road along with my friend, warlike Pym, Simon must take it with me, and Nicole the veil. I am sorry for the girl, who struck my fancy, but she will not be the first to be scorched in my flame—ah, and shrivelled, the pretty moth! Alack that it should be so! But Cupid is a cruel god, as all poets know, whose way is over splintered rocks. And where is the lover that is not a poet? Not here'—he struck his chest—'no, not here, by Cock.'

Meditating these necessities, which, or some of which, are common to our nature, his surprise was high when Simon Muschamp waited upon him on a morning, and in the course of private conversation opened to him similar proposals. Simon was empowered to offer to his friend—if he might say so, and the Captain said that he might for the moment—a share in an adventure of peril to which he himself was bound; and he did so, he said, in the sure persuasion that Captain Brazenhead was one of those untiring champions of honour who would sooner refuse the sacrament than the chance of death in the open. When he had added that death was one alternative and life on a competence the other, he believed that all was said.

Captain Salomon, who had listened open-mouthed to this extraordinary preface, exclaimed here that all was by no means said. 'As thus,' he went on, 'where are we for, little man?'

'With horse and arms, dear sir,' replied Simon, 'into Provence.'

'And what do we do with our horses and arms in Provence?'

'We assist, under God, a lady of nobility and easy fortune in those parts—the Lady Sanchia des Baux, who is ward of the Bishop of Agde.'

'We go to Agde! We go to the south! And what is the grief of the Lady Sanchia, and what the grief of his lordship the Bishop?'

'That,' said Simon, 'I am not yet allowed to tell you; but I may add that we go in armed strength into the Duchy of Savoy.' Captain Brazenhead was confounded—nay, he was shocked. This singing-man would go armed into Savoy, levying war! His narrow eyes would peer into the fleshless orbs of Death!—into the bitten eyes of dead and ruined men!—into the scared eyes of dead women! This throstle-pipe would leave 'Jesu, dulcis memoria,' and try a trumpet-stave of 'Ha, Saint Denis!' or 'Ha, Montjoie!'

He was stern with the singing-man. 'Look you, Simon, I doubt your tale, and your mountains of Savoy. Pale weed, I have seen the Alps; white death there, Simon, and ice in the marrow of stouter men than thou! No, no. To the quire with thee, boy. Prick songs, or souls, Simon, and leave the pricking of spears to thy betters!' His moustachios aspired towards heaven, his eyebrows bent to meet them on the way. 'And so much for thee, Simon,' said Captain Brazenhead, thinking so, indeed; but the singing-man gently persisted.

'My tale is none the less true, sir. Soon we must depart.'

The Captain threw up his head.

'And where do we go so soon?'

'We go to Agde, sir, to the castle of the Lord Bishop.'

'Your authority?' He snapped his words.

'My authority, sir, is a gentleman-at-arms.'

'Let me see this gentleman.'

'You shall, sir,' said Simon, and went out, and returned with Pym—Pym of the drooping eyelid. Captain Brazenhead was again confounded, and for the time capitulated. There was nothing more to be said. He was Pym's, and Simon was Pym's, and Nieole might take the veil as soon as she must. Thus the high

gods, wielding the world, wielded him and his along with it ; but what had confounded a not easily confounded soldier was that Simon Muschamp had settled with Pym on his own account that very thing which was to have been settled for him. This sort of strategy was outside experience, and should have given a hint of the quire-man's quality.

Now, so free was Pym of his rose-nobles, so efficient were his preparations, that in a few days' time a respectable troop had been collected, mounted, armed, licked into a discipline of a kind, and was declared by Captain Brazenhead to be ready for the field. By 'discipline' he meant that they would none of them run away so long as you were looking at them—no more. And 'respectable' is, or may be, an adjective of number, and is so used here. In no other sense could it be applied to the force about to march to the assistance of the Bishop of Agde. 'You have here, my Pym,' the Captain had said frankly, 'a score of the sorriest scoundrels in this broken realm of France. You have a coin-clipper, two Jews, three Andalusian half-castes, an unfrocked priest, and two men condemned to the hulks for robbing children on their way to church. If that pock-marked fellow on the bay is not a deserter from the English, then I don't know a horse from a mule ; and as for your Gascons, let widows weep. They will talk themselves off this earth in four-and-twenty hours. Then your Simon. What do you make of Simon and his narrow face ? Modesty ! Too circumspect for me, and too careful of the way we are going. I have a thought that he knows it backwards and intends to test his knowledge. Several things incline me to think that Simon and I are to try a fall of wits together.'

This was upon the road, some few leagues from Bordeaux, whence they had departed at the dawn of a fine summer's day, watched by the fair Nicole la-Grâce-de-Dieu. She, the cause of much that was to come, had stood upon the wall as they defiled through the landward gate. In her mouth the clove carnation of her wooing was twisting upon his stalk. And 'Farewell, thou bright disaster !' Captain Brazenhead had cried her ; for he judged that much her due and his duty, and had waved his hand. She had kissed hers for answer, but whether to the Captain or to Simon Muschamp nobody can say. It is certain that Simon scowled.

It would seem that the pretty figure she made up there—'like a wilding flower'—on the wall, with the sun on her face and hair, persisted and gave thoughts ; for the Captain led the

conversation to women and fond lovers more than once, and while he did not himself refer to Nicole, he was careful that others should. All he ever said about her was in answer to some eulogy of Pym's. 'She had a taking shape—that's all I know,' was his commentary, and a fit of profound meditation the result of that. But it was from the moment when she kissed her hand, and Simon scowled, that the Captain began to keep the young man in his eye, and he soon saw that the youth's proceedings were not such as a man makes who has a week's journey in front of him. Nor were they those of a man who is out for a known stage of leagues, and sure of a night's rest for himself and his beast. Simon spared his horse, travelled light, and was careful of landmarks. He paused at the tops of hills, inquired into the names of villages, and refused entirely to accompany Captain Brazenhead in the pursuit of certain mallards with a goshawk. All these circumspect arrangements of the narrow-faced clerk did his rival mark and ponder.

But other serious matters claimed a part of his attention. Mr. Pym, free of Bordeaux, opened the whole of his commission, which, however little it is part of mine, I must summarise for the reader's convenience.

If the Lady Sanchia des Baux were a person of consequence, as, being heiress of a seigniory and last of a long, wicked, and very noble line, she could hardly fail to be, she was, said Pym, rendered doubly consequential by the fact of her betrothal to a certain prince, no other than the Count Philibert of Savoy, and trebly so, in his eyes, by her tutelage under the famous Bishop Stephen of Agde, in whose service Pym was proud to acknowledge himself and proud to have enlisted his momentous friend. Such a lady, then, was the Lady Sanchia, who, waiting at her ripe age of sixteen years and a half until it should please Count Philibert to marry her, was stolen out of her rocky demesne by the Red Count of Picpus and taken a prisoner God knows whither, to the scandal of all Christendom, the contempt of Holy Church, and the vexation of everybody in the world except Count Philibert. Now, he, said Pym, being a man of forty years old, and passably vicious—

An interruption from Captain Brazenhead shows his knowledge of the world, of men, and of manners. 'No, no, Pym,' he said, with lifted hand, 'you are wrong. I know the Prince; I met him in Milan before this century was begun. His vices are perfectly agreeable to his degree. He is of a reigning house, brother

to a sovereign—ah, to a monarch! What in you might be deplorable, my poor Pym, or in me noteworthy, in Count Philibert, I assure you, is hardly remarkable.' Pym was annoyed, and sawed the air to show that he was. 'The thing is of no moment,' continued his friend, 'but yet——'

'Of moment or not,' cried Pym, 'it is woundily inconvenient to condone a man's vices when I am about to tell you of his lady's perfections.'

'That is so,' said Captain Brazenhead. 'Advance, my Pym.'

The deed of dread was done, the young lady neatly, expeditiously, and immitigably ravished, said Pym; and Gernulf de Salas, Red Count of Picpus, was suspected of it. If Madame Sanchia was not in his stronghold of Picpus in Savoy, then many persons were liars, and some were fools. A priest, an old priest of Beaucaire, who served the Red Count for chaplain, had her tale in confession, had broken the faith he owed his master, and given himself the trouble to come down to Agde to warn the Bishop thereof. Now we were at the point. The Bishop, a warlike prelate, was about to levy war upon Picpus. Pym, then serving him in an honourable capacity, was sent first to Burgundy, then to the English. From Burgundy he had had promises, from the English curses; but from the English, nevertheless (he rubbed his hands), he had got a jewel of price, when he got Captain Salomon Brazenhead, sometimes called The Great.

Captain Brazenhead, as he listened carefully to this tale, was not so sure that Pym had got him, as Pym seemed to be. There was much to be weighed in the adventure; and what interested him mostly in it, that to which he found his mind recurring again and again, was what was the present state of Les Baux itself, that fair seigniory, one of the noblest in Provence? Sat Picpus there in possession? He could hardly suppose so. Had he yet, as no doubt he intended, married Sanchia? If he had not—if he had not—— The red blood rose singing up from Captain Brazenhead's heart, and made his head spin round. So soon as he was recovered from his vertigo he interrogated Pym.

'This is a fine tale you tell me here,' he said. 'I should be hard shifted to better it. And so we are for Les Baux?'

'No, no,' says Pym, 'we go to Agde.'

'Peste! But we take the road of Marseille, I suppose?'

'We do not,' says Pym; 'we take the road of Perpignan. Thence we ship. If you, an Englishman, are in a hurry for heaven,

you will enter the French king's country as soon as you can. In that case your road lies yonder. I am in no such hurry. I go to Orthez, thence to Pau in Béarn, and thence by the mountains, which are any man's land, into the country of the Count of Foix. Thence I ship for Agde.'

'Doubtless you are right,' said Captain Brazenhead; 'but now tell me this. From Agde we go, as, I suppose, to Picpus? Or are we perhaps too late? Is it possible that Picpus has possessed himself of the Lady Sanchia—I mean by marriage? Or, again——'

'You ask too many questions,' said Pym testily. 'From Agde we by no means go to Picpus, but to Coneo in Savoy, to the Count Philibert. Do you think that lords, bishops, and princes in alliance levy war like little pirates, so that the first declaration of hostilities you have is the slitting of your windpipe? If the Lord Bishop of Agde has been ten years learning of the tale, may he not be as many months righting of the wrong, in a nobleman's manner? Friend, you know better.'

'Maybe that I do,' said Brazenhead calmly; 'yet there is much to be said for the more ancient plan.'

'When the Count and the Bishop have joined forces, a summons of outlawry will be sent to Picpus with heralds and a papal nuncio. Protocols will be exchanged, ambassadors accredited; there will be a conference——'

'In the meantime the Count of Picpus will have a Countess of Picpus, and the seignior of Les Baux, and, I should say, a young Count of Picpus in arms ready to be weaned.'

'You judge by the staple of ordinary Christians,' said Pym, 'but not so are princes to be measured. The Count of Picpus has gone to Rome to sue for a divorce from the Lady Blanchemains, his wife. It is very seldom that a gentleman of his degree can be wedded at a moment's notice. He has had three wives already.'

'Has he so, indeed?' says Brazenhead; and asked no more questions. Indeed, he fell into a fit of musing which lasted him until the halt for dinner was sounded upon the horn.

But, for all this and that, he never failed to keep one eye upon the dubious proceedings of Simon Muschamp, the pale singing-man, whose narrow face seemed too anxious for the steel sallet which adorned it.

CHAPTER III.

HUE AND CRY AFTER SIMON.

THAT desolate country of salt marsh, swamp, and cranes, which begins soon after you leave Bordeaux, delighted Captain Brazenhead when he had shaken off the effects of the tale he had heard. It afforded him abundant opportunities for the flying of his goshawk, in which he was aided by such of his companions as he found to his taste. Simon Muschamp would never have been one of these, but, had he been, he would have declined the sport. That circumspect young man was ever at the tail of the company, walking his horse and spying at the set of the country, until within a league or two of the monastery of Belin-les-Fossés, when its tall belfry could be seen reddening to the western sun. Then indeed he pricked forward to the van and was observed to be in close and intimate conversation with Pym—'Old Tallow-Eye,' as Captain Brazenhead called him in allusion to his infirmity.

The upshot of this dangerous commerce with a narrow-faced man was as painful to Pym as it was expected by his friend. The monks had been hospitable, the supper abundant, the wine beyond reproach. Captain Brazenhead, having seen to the bedding of his horse, was about to consider his own; in fact, he was as good as asleep, when he was aroused by a most dreadful howling, as of a hound with uplifted head pouring forth his complaint to the full moon. Even this would not have hurt the Captain; 'damn the dog' would have settled him off again, but there was more. His blanket was plucked off him, his shoulder was gripped as by claws of steel. 'Lady of Graces!' he cried, and sat up. There, by the light of the swinging lantern he saw Pym before him, Pym with his grey locks flying wild, Pym with his unhampered eye astare, and his other under its sheath glimmering whitely.

'Help me! They rob! Pillage! To the thief! To the thief!'

These were Pym's words, roared blankly into the vague, and his actions suited them. He seemed not to know what he was doing with his arms. Captain Brazenhead rose up and girt on his sword.

'Simon Muschamp?' he asked, and needed no answer. 'Then I have him,' said he, and went down the ladder.

As he was saddling, Pym told him all. Simon had been absent

from supper, but so good had been the cheer that no one had observed it. 'You are wrong, man. I noticed it,' said Brazenhead, and then asked, 'He has your treasure?'

'He has it all.'

'Why did you entrust him with it, my friend?' Pym hung his head.

'I will tell you the whole of my infatuation, Captain,' said he, full of shame. 'That close rogue led me to believe that you had designs upon it.'

'Damn him, and he was right,' said the Captain to himself.

'And that it would be safe only with him, since you knew him for a declared enemy, and would never touch him.'

'And there,' said the Captain, 'Simon was wrong. Touch him! I'll eat him.'

The convent bell sounded. 'Matins,' said Brazenhead, 'an hour past midnight,' he opened the stable door, 'and three hours' moon to come. Pym!' he said, 'your hand. Expect me at Perpignan. I know my road.' Pym was in tears.

'God will reward you, noble Salomon.'

'That is my confident expectation,' said the Captain. 'All turns out for the best. Farewell.' And he rode out of the monastery gates and took the road to Bordeaux. His horse, pricking up his ears, was well content that it should be so. He went through the sand at a light and easy canter which was a delight to his rider. Captain Brazenhead began to sing.

No need to trace his steps, nor listen to his music. He entered Bordeaux one of the first, and joyfully hailed the warder of the gate as an old acquaintance. Hardly a soul was in the streets, hardly a chimney smoked; the watchmen sat in their boxes sunk asleep, and the lanterns, still alight, swung garishly upon their chains. He went at walking-pace down the Rue de la Ferlonnière; no signs of life there. He turned into the stable yard, dismounted there, and, going to pick the lock of the stable with the point of his sword, found that job already done for him. 'Oh! run aground, Simon!' said he; and it was so. In the stable, all in a muck of lather and sweat, stood a roan horse. 'Now by Cock and his father,' said the Captain, 'there's a sorry knave to be trusted with a horse. O Simon, Simon, if thou art not soon even as this good beast, may it go hard with me at the Last Day.' He was careful to rub down his own animal: he even went the length of covering Simon's with a blanket before he thought of his coming

happiness. These things done, he went into the house, his boots in his hand.

All outer windows were shuttered, but within a light directed him towards the kitchen. That light shone, as he knew very well, through a window which opened upon a passage. It was used as a buttery hatch in the daytime. Standing in the passage in the dark suited the Captain very well ; for he could see and not be seen. He put down his boots, crept up to the window, peered cautiously round the corner, being careful that the candle should throw no shadow of him on the wall, and saw what he saw.

Simon sat at ease by the table, the remains of a meal before him ; leg-bones of chickens, a knuckle of ham, chewed artichoke, crumbs of cheese, an onion and a crust of bread. A jug stood there, a glass half full. By his side was a leather bag, tied with a lace. His sword was off, his doublet unfastened, his feet were on a stool, he leaned against the wall and picked his teeth. His countenance expressed complacency and indifference to suffering ; a smile hovered over his lips, his eyebrows lifted up and down. When he was not engaged with his toothpick he whistled, and when he did not whistle he fell again to his excavations. Before him in a drooping attitude stood, or rather hung, Nicole the fair—Nicole la-Grâce-de-Dieu—her face between her hands, and by the sudden motions of her shoulders it was to be seen that she was crying. All else about her betrayed a hasty summons from her bed ; her slippers were on bare feet, or partly on, her hair was stuck up with one hairpin, her petticoat was awry, her bodice a-shift. But the Captain had no eyes for such things ; the sight of a girl in tears sent the blood to his head. Before he knew what he was about, he had swung open the window with a blow of his fist, vaulted through the opening and clasped Nicole in his arms. The maid shrieked, and Simon backed awfully to the wall. ‘Ha, dog and dog’s son,’ said Captain Brazenhead, ‘if that wall could speak it would cry out against thee. But there is no need for testimony when Brazenhead is at hand. Fellow, prepare for thy last hour on earth.’

He kissed Nicole’s wet cheek, and set her down. Sword in hand, he advanced to the miserable Simon. ‘Sir, sir,’ said that wretch, ‘let us reason together.’ And the Captain paused. He could reason as well as any man ; but was this a time ?

His sword was shaking in his hand as if he were meditating where he might best strike ; but, as a truth, he was meditating no such

matter. He was reflecting that Simon might be useful to him, and could not in any case be left in Bordeaux alive. The question then was, was it wise to maim a man whom you must take with you on an expedition of length and delicacy? Would it encourage Simon to be loyal and discreet? On the other hand, Simon had behaved to Nicole as no man could be allowed to behave unscathed. Simon must therefore be chastised, but not, he thought, wounded with the sword. He returned the weapon to its sheath, and asked Nicole to get him some stout cords. When she was gone he addressed his expectant victim as follows :

‘Thou seest, singing-mouse, how dangerous it is to meddle in matters too high for thee. Happier hadst thou been quavering *Pange lingua* in thy tuneful minor than riding afield with Free Routiers and Companions of the Road. Yet since—to be very plain with thee, Simon—thou didst bring back my body to the place where I had left my heart, and spare me, moreover, the irksomeness of that burden of which it had been all along my intention to relieve Old Tallow-Eye, I am content to pardon what thou didst design as a buffet at me. Not for those things am I about to chasten thee, Simon, but for that thou didst without the fear of God before thine eyes deal ungentlemanly with the fair Nicole, disturbing her slumbers, causing her to array her beauteous person negligently and slatternly, causing her to serve thy trifling meals, and to stand—she a courted maid of degree—while thou singing-man, didst sit dallying with thy pronged fork at thy false teeth; ah, *proh pudor*, and causing her to weep upon my account with thy dastard’s news of my death at thy ridiculous hands—the which last is a very abominable fact, and will enrol thy name in the company of Elymas the sorcerer, and of Judas Iscariot, that most false treasurer, unless I sift thee as wheat, Simon, unless I thoroughly purge thy floor, unless I scorch and frizzle and fry the vice out of thee.’ Nicole entering here with his needs, he thanked her and sent her away, lest, as he said, more shame were laid upon the man’s shoulders than the man’s shoulders could bear. She went, and Captain Brazenhead very heartily belaboured Simon for near a quarter of an hour, tanning his hide and dusting his jacket at one and the same time. That done, he trussed him like a turkey—his hands behind his back, his knees and ankles together; he gagged him with a napkin and bound him up in a tablecloth; he hoisted him on his shoulder and carried him up into the loft, where he laid him away upon a shelf as if he had been so much

kitchen stuff put by until the winter—a side of pork or a half sheep salted. ‘Move, Simon, my son,’ he said, ‘and thou fallest, and thy neck must break. Move not, and thou mayst sleep at ease. At nightfall I will come for thee, and thou shalt take the road again—this time in a gentleman’s service.’ Returning to the house, he put the bag of rose nobles inside his doublet and buttoned it up. It bulged at his side like a serious wen, and was not comfortable, but, as he said, there were ways of easing that which would be used soon enough. It was a far cry, he knew, from Bordeaux to Les Baux, and that was where his fancy led him.

Meantime, he sought the chambers of the house, and, finding one empty, lay upon the bed, and slept like any patriarch of Ephesus.

(To be continued.)

ON SOME FORMS OF IRONY IN LITERATURE.

THE most notable treatment of the subject of irony in literature is, it need hardly be said, the essay of Thirlwall on the 'Irony of Sophocles.' This essay has enriched the critical vocabulary with the useful word 'dramatic irony,' and the main part of the essay is devoted to the task of illustrating the true character of this dramatic or practical irony, as distinguished from the more ordinary verbal irony. It is with the latter only that we are concerned here. Thirlwall has also defined and illustrated this verbal irony, and it may be profitable to pursue the analysis a little further. His definition is as follows :

This most familiar species of irony may be described as a figure which enables the speaker to convey his meaning with a greater force by means of a contrast between his thought and his expression ; or, to speak more accurately, between the thought which he evidently designs to express and that which his words properly signify.

This admirable definition he goes on to illustrate by various examples. The passage is not very long, and it will save time in the end if its more important sentences are quoted entire.

The use of verbal irony must in all cases be either directly or indirectly polemical. It is a weapon properly belonging to the armoury of controversy, and not fitted to any entirely peaceable occasion. This is not the less true because—as the enginery of war is often brought out and sham fights exhibited for the public amusement in times of peace—so there is a sportive irony, which instead of indicating any contrariety of opinion, or animosity of feeling, is the surest sign of perfect harmony and good will. And as there is a mode of expressing sentiments of the utmost esteem and unanimity by the ironical reproof of contradiction, so there is an ironical self-commendation by which a man may playfully confess his own failings. In the former case the speaker feigns the existence of adversaries whose language he pretends to adopt ; in the latter he supposes himself surrounded, not, as he really is, by indulgent friends, but by severe judges of his actions, before whom it is necessary for him to disguise the imperfections of his character. But where irony is not merely jocular, it is not simply serious but earnest. With respect to opinion it implies a conviction so deep as to disdain a direct refutation of the opposite party ; with respect to feeling it implies an emotion so strong as to be able to command itself and to suppress its natural tone in order to vent itself with greater force.

There is a great deal of truth in these subtle and carefully worded descriptions. In the great majority of cases, no doubt,

the use of irony is 'polemical' or controversial; understanding the idea of the controversy to be extended (as the writer extends it) to the case of playful or fictitious, as well as real or serious, controversy. It is true, no doubt, that nine-tenths of the serious irony we find is found in controversy, and is among its most serviceable weapons, and, it may be added, no man knew better how to use it with effect than the worthy bishop himself. It is also true, no doubt, that we have the playful irony in the sham controversy—the irony often consisting in the very assumption of there being a controversy at all. But I venture to think that Thirlwall has restricted the definition too much—and by consequence made his analysis imperfect—by saying that in all cases verbal irony *must* be polemical. In the last sentence of the passage quoted above, he distinguishes accurately between the meaning of serious irony when applied to the expression of opinion, and when applied to the expression of feeling. I think that this distinction gives us the clue we want to follow out the analysis a little further, and perhaps a little more deeply. As applied to opinion, we shall probably agree that his definition of irony as 'polemical' is usually right. As applied to feeling, I am inclined to think that we can get nearer to the root of the matter.

It is perfectly true that when feeling is displayed under ironical forms the emotion, as Thirlwall says, suppresses its natural tone in order to vent itself with greater force. But *how* does it happen that the effect is produced? *Why*, when the feeling has reached a certain point, is it better conveyed to the hearer by a lower than by a higher tone in the speaker? The reasons are not far to seek. Partly it is because of the eternal difficulty of getting adequate speech. All language is worn by common use, and for uncommon cases is felt to be unequal to the full expression of the feeling. If we attempt to use the only language which appears to be adequate, we overshoot the mark; we do not express the real feeling to the hearer's mind. We give the idea not of a really deep and sustained feeling, but of a paroxysm, a momentary fury, an extravagance. Another reason, closely connected with the first, is what may be called the *moral* one. It is a fact of human nature, or perhaps we should say, of English or Anglo-Saxon human nature, that repressed feelings (and not eloquent or violent outbursts) are what suggest a strong character. It is not exactly, as Thirlwall says, that the emotion is so strong as to be able to command itself. This is perhaps a paradox, which will hardly bear examination. The

strength of an emotion cannot—except in an unnatural sense of the word—act both ways at once, pressing the valve to open, and forcing it to remain shut. The case, to put it more exactly, is rather this : The strength of a mind that is able to command itself is often found—at least in our northern and comparatively phlegmatic natures—combined with emotions unusually strong, so that the restrained expression indicates a more massive personality, whose emotions and desires are deeper, and whose words are more impressive in proportion. The tornado of wrath, the unrestrained rapture of joy or love, the abandonment of despair—these are not the most powerful expressions of the emotions in question, just because they do not suggest the most powerful or profound nature in the person who delivers them. As in the vision of Elijah, the great and strong wind, the earthquake and the fire, are doubtless impressive exhibitions of power ; but more impressive yet, as the sign of an Almighty Presence, is the still small voice ; and so it is with human spirits, in their degree. And a third point, again closely connected with the other two, is the *artistic* truth, that the object of the highest expression is not to *represent* a fact or feeling to a passive percipient, to record it (so to speak) on a dynamometer of feeling, but to make him really *see*, by stimulating his imagination. If you wish to produce the effect, you cannot do it by mere word ; you must get the hearer's imagination to help. And thus it often comes about that while the lower stages of feeling can be expressed, the higher stages must be suggested. In the ascent the full truth will do ; but the climax can only be reached by irony.

From all this it is, I think, plain that the use of irony for polemical purposes—whether direct or indirect—is not of the essence of the matter. It may be so used ; it is as a matter of fact perhaps most often so used ; but the restriction of irony to *controversy* rather obscures the true nature of it. And I think we shall see in the course of our illustrations that there are uses of it which cannot be termed by any stretch of language polemical. It is not my desire to labour the point as against Thirlwall ; the dogma, though unfortunately put rather too emphatically to the front of the essay, is after all an *obiter dictum*, and not the main position which he is defending. But it seemed a convenient starting-point, and with these remarks we may now leave it.

Confining ourselves then to the irony which is used to express feeling, let us note some of the ways in which it occurs. On the one, perhaps, between what Thirlwall calls the irony of dialectic,

and the irony of feeling, is the famous example in the 'Euthyphro' of Plato. Euthyphro, the eminently pious man—the man who is, so to speak, the professor of piety—is intending, out of pure piety and high principle, to bring an action—or rather to lay a criminal information—against his own father, for having killed a slave. Socrates remarks that to bring your own father to trial *is a thing which it is difficult to do well*. This is the irony of dialectic, inasmuch as it uses (for the purposes of attack) the device of an apparent assent to the opponent's position. It seems to admit the well-known piety of Euthyphro; anything he is thinking of doing must be capable of being done well; he, no doubt, will bring his father to trial piously and well; but *it is not easy*. Again it is the irony of feeling, since it uses the device of understatement to emphasise, what the pious Euthyphro is a little overlooking, the deep-lying claims of filial piety. We may note also another point exemplified here, which often lies at the root of the effectiveness of irony. It is eminently the weapon to use against a paradox. The strong point of a paradoxist is that he puts his opponent into the painful position of having to defend a truism. However indignant you may feel at a man thinking in cold blood of bringing his father to trial, it savours of humdrum and platitude to argue at length in favour of filial duty. The use of irony transfers the advantage to your side.

The irony of feeling, properly so called, is perhaps best seen in the case of the strongest primary emotions, especially painful emotions, like horror, grief, despair, remorse, and loathing. It is to tragedy that we shall naturally look for instances; though I need hardly say that there is no connection between this use of irony and dramatic irony technically so called. Perhaps I may parenthetically put in one word the difference. The proper dramatic irony is unconscious; the speaker says his word in one sense, but the hearer (who knows more) understands it in another. On the other hand, the irony I am speaking of is necessarily intended. In the one case it is the contrast between the *words of the actor*, sincerely spoken, and his *position as known to the audience*, which produces the effect; in the other case it is the contrast between what the speaker actually says and what we know or feel that he means to convey. To resume, it is in tragedy that we shall find the irony of this kind best exemplified, and I will take two instances from Greek, and two or three from English drama.

In the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles we have a striking instance of the irony of despair. At the crisis of the tragedy,

when the King finds out that he is the guilty one—fallen from the highest place as the beneficent monarch, and shown as the incestuous parricide, the pollution of his land, laden with his own curse, he says :

νῦν γὰρ πέφασμαι φῦς τ' ἀφ' ὧν οὐ χρὴ, ξὺν οἷς τ'
οὐ χρῆν ὀμιλῶν, οὗτ' ἐμ' οὐκ ἔδει κτανόν.

which we may render : ' For now am I seen wrong in my birth, wrong in those I lived with, wrong in those I slew.'

We feel that no strength of phrase could produce the effect of the gentle words. The same may be said of the last speech of Othello, when all is over, when he has found out his error, and is about to kill himself with the sword he has concealed :

Soft, you, a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some service, and they know it.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these *unlucky deeds* relate,
Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one that loved *not wisely* but too well ;
Of one *not easily* jealous, but being wrought
Perplexed in the extreme : of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe : . . . Set you down this,
And say besides that in Aleppo once
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus !

The irony here is both in the single words, and in the whole conception of the speech. He is speaking as though he were giving a quiet message which Lodovico is to carry to the Venetian authorities, instead of the dying utterance of a man whose world lies shattered. And the words are marked with the most affecting irony. The murder of his innocent love is an 'unlucky deed' ; his jealous fury he describes as being 'perplexed' and the quiet reasonableness of 'nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice' is far more moving, and even terrible, than any violence could be. The one line where the irony is momentarily dropped only heightens the effect by pointed and poignant contrast ; the thought of Desdemona breaks down his control, and the full stream rushes out : 'One whose hand, like the base Indian, threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe.'

The third passage which I shall quote of irony is somewhat similar in diction to the passage quoted above from the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' but quite different in the situation and the real effect. It is where at the crisis of the 'Choephoroi' the time has come for the slaughter of Clytaemnestra by her son Orestes; and at close quarters with death she tries a last appeal to him. The final struggle is short and sharp; but, of course, fruitless; her pleas are all discounted beforehand. When she sees that it is hopeless, she gives it up, and faces her coming doom with a last taunt of characteristic force and courage:

Ah! this then was the snake I bare and suckled
True prophet was the terror of my dream.

[We have heard before, in the play, that the queen has been troubled with a dream of suckling a snake.]

To which Orestes replies, equally unmoved:—

'Twas ill thou slewest him: suffer thou the ill!

Let us just remember the situation. The adulterous wife has slain, with every aggravation of treachery, her own husband; the crime has gone for years unpunished; at last she stands face to face with the avenger appointed by the god; and the avenger is her own son. She has appealed to him in vain, in the name of the most primal and sacred claim, that hers was the breast that suckled him; in what words shall the doom be adequately pronounced? Irony alone can do it:

'Twas ill thou slewest him: suffer thou the ill!

The appalling crime and the no less appalling vengeance are both given in the quiet and simple phrase 'What should not be,' which with that background curdles the very blood.

The fourth example is the irony of love and sorrow from 'Romeo and Juliet.' Romeo comes to the tomb of Juliet to kill himself, and is surprised by Paris, who thinks he is there to do some outrage to the corpse, and violently breaks in upon him thus:

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!

¹ ἔκaves δὲ οὐ χρεῖν· καὶ τὸ μὴ χρεῖν πάθε.

To which Romeo replies in the simple words :

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me ; think upon these gone ;
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
 Put not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself :
 For I come hither arm'd against myself ;
 Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

And this from Romeo, the very impersonation of impetuous passion. 'I must indeed, and therefore came I hither' ; surely one of the most moving lines of any or all tragedies. And the effect is entirely due to the quiet, controlled, even *considerate*, despair, which makes violence of words out of the question, and can only find expression in irony.

I may add yet another instance of this effect.

In Beaumont's 'Philaster' there is a passage of which the situation is briefly this. Philaster has a page, who is his confidential messenger to his beloved Arethusa, and who falls under Philaster's suspicion of secretly wooing her for himself and not for his master. The audience know that suspicion is baseless ; the supposed page is really a disguised girl, in love with Philaster, and she is doing her unwelcome errand faithfully, with despair in her heart.

At last Philaster openly charges the page with treachery, and in violent wrath and jealousy threatens him with death. The despairing boy shows no fear ; the surprised Philaster attributes his courage to recklessness and ignorance, thus :

Phil. . . . Oh, but thou dost not know

What 'tis to die.

Page.

Yes I do know, my lord :

'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,

A quiet resting from all jealousy :

A thing we all pursue. I know besides

It is but giving over of a game

That must be lost.

No cries or outbreak could suggest the broken heart as powerfully as these beautiful and quiet words.

In these five specimens of the irony of feeling, the feeling which is expressed—or rather which is not expressed, but suggested, by

the very repression of the words—is of diverse kinds. Self-centred despair, in *Cædipus Tyrannus*; love and remorse, in *Othello*; indignant vengeance, in *Choephori*; a broken heart in *Romeo and Philaster*; but in all the effect of the words is due to irony of the same character, which, indeed, is usual with irony of this sort—namely, that the words are, so to speak, deliberately feeble, when the feeling is overwhelming and profound.

But besides this they all have another common character—namely, that they are all alike in form and substance, in what they utter, as in what they convey, intensely serious. There is (according to the definition with which we started) a contrast between the proper meaning of the words and the thought intended to be conveyed. But this contrast consists only in the *pitch*; the *words* being calm and mild, while the *feeling* is strong and tumultuous. There is, however, no inherent reason why the contrast required for the proper effect of irony should not be a wholly different one. The strength of feeling can be shown quite as well by an irony which is playful when the feeling is overwhelmingly serious, as by an irony which is calm when the feeling is tempestuous. Of this irony I have found the best examples in Browning, and it is one of the notes of his realism, or, to use a better phrase, his insight, and his truth to Nature.

Let us take a few examples. In the poem called ‘The Flower’s Name,’ the whole mood in which the lyric is written is (in a way) an exemplification of this playful irony; but it is especially seen in certain phrases. The plot is simple. The scene is in Spain; the lover is going round the garden, where he has been a few days before with his love. He remembers the most trivial details that happened, and he recalls them all, lingering over the tender memories. The flowers she noticed; the roses she passed by; how here she stopped to put in safety a crushed snail, and there to give her lover another flower’s ‘soft meandering Spanish name.’ Then he playfully consoles the roses for having been passed over, and playfully warns the Spanish flower, that has been made sacred by her touch, not to grow or change in any way.

Finally he bursts out with a melody liquid and ‘inevitable,’ such as is rare in Browning:

Where I find her not, beauties vanish:
Whither I follow her, beauties flee:
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June’s twice June since she breathed it with me

The playful line, between the passionate and poetic lines which form its setting, produces a most extraordinary effect; it heightens the poetry, and deepens the passion; it reveals by concealing; it is what we may call the lyric irony.

In a deeper vein is the irony of passion in the powerful and tragic poem called 'Too Late.' The rejected lover, faithful unto death, is sitting alone and thinking of her; she has married his rival, 'The blank lay figure her fancy draped;' she has found out (we are to suppose) in six years of marriage her mistake; and she is dead. He goes over all the past in thought; the grave, in a deep and true sense, has brought them nearer; others may live and prosper, but he will have none of such life:

There are two who decline, a woman and I,
And enjoy our death in the darkness here.

Then suddenly a vision arises of what she was in life:

I liked that way you had with your curls,
Wound to a ball in a net behind:
Your cheek was chaste as a Quaker girl's,
And your mouth, there never was, to my mind,
Such a funny mouth, for it would not shut:
And the dented chin, too,—what a chin!
There were certain ways when you spoke, some words
You know you never could pronounce:
You were thin, however: like a bird's
Your hand seemed—some would say the pounce
Of a scaly-footed hawk—all but!
The world was right when it called you thin.

The picture is extraordinarily vivid and arresting; but that is the least part of it. The penetrating effect is due to the irony of the tone. The faithful lover for whom the light of the world has gone out, speaks of her in the easy colloquial vein of a detached and indifferent critic. The world said she was not beautiful, and the world was right for once, and he dwells on every little blemish and personal characteristic with a light playful banter—like a ripple, behind which one feels the tempestuous swell of love and sorrow and despair. The effect of it is overpoweringly moving, and it is all due to the irony.

Lastly, there is a further development of this irony which is even bolder yet, where we have no longer the playful fancy, as in the 'garden' poem; nor the playful criticism, as in 'Too Late'; but where a mood of tender pathos, or deep and sustained solemnity,

or exalted rapture, is at once indicated and relieved by a touch of humorous colloquialism, or even downright prose. The point on which I wish to insist is that where this is done well, and with insight—and if it is not well done, it is of course worse than nothing—it is not grotesquerie, nor the intrusion of a foreign element, nor an idiosyncrasy of the poet for which allowance has to be made; it is not in any way a check or interruption to the higher mood. It is on the contrary a *continuation* of the higher mood; it is the proper and natural expression of it, welcome and consonant to that curious and complex thing called the human heart; it may even, while seeming to sink, be a true dramatic, poetic, imaginative climax, and it is achieved by the aid of the boldest and supremest irony.

A slight but striking instance of this is the scene in 'Hamlet' after his father's ghost has revealed to him the manner of his death. Hamlet, we know, is the vacillating character; but there is no vacillation in this scene, he is wrought upon by his father's tale to the last pitch of indignant sorrow and vindictive feeling; he has just vowed 'from the table of his memory to wipe away all fond and trivial records,' and he is swearing to secrecy the two friends who have seen the vision with him. The ghost, from below where he is standing, says: 'Swear':

Ham. Ah ha, boy; say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:—
Consent to swear.

The same happens again when they have moved off, the ghost again speaks from below their feet—'Swear':

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! once more remove, good friends.

Another poet would either not have conceived it, or not ventured to write it so; it would have seemed too perilously near the grotesque and ludicrous; but if fitly acted, it is as far as possible removed from laughter; it is thrilling and terrible irony.

And my last example shall be again from Browning, from one of the most remarkable of all his poems, 'Christmas Eve.' For the sake of those who have not read the piece, the situation may be briefly recapitulated.

The poem is really a meditation on religious services, their apparent inadequacy, and their real sanctity and use. In form it is a highly dramatic narrative. The poet is supposed to go on

Christmas Eve into a little dissenting chapel, in a poor and ugly district, on a wet winter night. His fastidious and cultivated taste is vexed by the unlovely scene, the squalid people, and the ignorant and irreverent Evangelicalism of the preacher. He rushes out of the chapel, and on the dark hillside he has a wonderful vision. There is a great clearing of the sky: a mighty lunar rainbow forms amid the parting of the clouds; the light grows and grows, and the vision of Christ Himself stands before him. After a few moments of rapt awe, the scene again changes, and he is carried off in the flowing robe of the vision to Rome, where he sees the great Christmas gathering in St. Peter's; then to a German lecture room, where a learned old professor dissects the Gospel story, which he regards as a myth. Then follows mood after mood of the meditation. At first he is disposed to criticise all three, the crude ignorance of the dissenter, the grovelling superstition of the Catholic, the cold and shadowy religion of the German sceptic. At last a deeper truth rises upon him; these are all feeling after God and the ideal in their own way; they are using the means they have. A wave of insight and sympathy is borne in upon him; a new humility and a new resolve arise within him. The lesson of his vision is learnt; he wakes suddenly, and—finds himself once more in the little chapel where he has fallen asleep. How can he sum up his impressions? The style is the very last we might have expected:

For the preacher's merit or demerit—
 It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
 In the earthen vessel holding treasure,
 Which lies as safe in a golden ewer:
 But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
 Heaven soon sets right all other matters!
 Ask else these ruins of humanity—(*the people in the chapel*)
 This flesh worn out to rags and tatters,
 This soul at struggle with insanity,
 Who thence take comfort, can I doubt?
 Which an Empire gained were a loss without.
 May it be mine! and let us hope
 That no worse blessing befall the Pope,
 Turned sick at last of to-day's buffoonery,
 Of posturings and petticoatings,
 Beside his Bourbon bully's gloatings
 In the bloody orgies of drunk poltroonery
 Nor may the Professor forgo its peace
 At Göttingen presently, when in the dusk
 Of his life,—if his cough, as I fear, should increase,
 Prophesied of by that horrible husk—

When thicker and thicker the darkness fills
 The world through his misty spectacles,
 And he gropes for something more substantial
 Than a fable, myth, or personification—
 May Christ do for him what no mere man shall,
 And stand confessed as the God of Salvation !
 Meantime, in the still recurring fear,
 Lest myself at unawares be found,
 While attacking the choice of my neighbours round,
 With none of my own made,—*I choose here !*
 The giving out of the hymn reclaims me :
 I have done : and if any blames me,
 Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
 The topics I dwell on, were unlawful ;
 Or worse, that I trench with undue levity
 On the bounds of the holy and the awful :
 I praise the heart, and pity the head of him,
 And refer myself to Thee instead of him :
 Who head and heart alike discernest,
 Looking below light speech we utter,
 When frothy spume and frequent sputter
 Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest :
 May truth shine out, stand ever before us !
 I put up pencil and join chorus
 To Hepzibah Tune without further apology :
The last five verses of the third section,
Of the seventeenth hymn of Whitfield's collection,
To conclude with the Dozology.

The end of this poem I look on as one of the best, just because it is one of the most audacious, of the strokes of that irony of feeling which we have been considering. The rapture and the vision are gone ; but they still live within the sense they quicken, and vibrate in the memory. The mood is not lowered, but it is hidden beneath the half-comic double rhymes, the dashing familiarity of the style, and the deliberate baldness of the last quatrain, that describe the sad old tune and the sorry old hymn. There is a surface feeling of the inadequacy and even vulgarity of the service, and of grim resignation to it, and there is an inward feeling of its deep significance and true sanctity, and the sympathy and reverence which he has found that it deserves, and he uses the surface feeling as at once a cloak and index of the inner feeling, and the contrast makes us feel it not less but more, and this is irony.

ARTHUR SIDGWICK.

THE FOLK-LORE OF THE COUNTY COURT.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

BEING snowed up in a library, well stocked with modern scientific folk-lore, I began a serious study of the subject. I started with enthusiasm. I saw myself propounding a new theory for every variant text, and pictured myself triumphantly riding through the Otherworld on the Ossianic cycle. After a few days of it, however, I found that, wonderful as the science was, it was not made for me, I ran into a thick German fog, I got mixed up with *sagzug* and *märchen*, I failed to appreciate the true differences between those holy men, Zimmer and Rohde, and I wandered aimlessly among parallels and analogues of varying age and *provenance*. When I emerged from the German fog I found myself staggering about a bleak Irish moor in company with a fellow named Cormac—or was it Finn? We were studying the *Dinnshenchas*, or playing with an *Agallamh* or looking for a *Leprechaun*. It was worse than political economy, or logic, or the lost tribes. The fiscal problem is merriment compared to folk-lore. I finished my holiday with Trollope and have put folk-lore on my *index expurgatorius*.

One thing, however, haunts me still. I seem to have escaped from the learned confusions of this dismal science with a belief that the world is certainly not progressing. They took a lot of trouble at school to persuade me that the world kept going round. Since I have dipped into folk-lore I find this to be only part of the truth. The fact seems to be that the world does nothing else but go round and round and round, reiterating its old ideas in a very tiresome way indeed. The things we do and gossip and preach about to-day are much the same as the things they worried over in the ages of caves and mammoths and flint implements. I feel sorry that I cannot explore folk-lore further, for there are evidently great possibilities in it. But folk-lore is like collecting stamps, or keeping gold-fish or guinea-pigs. It is a 'fancy,' and if you don't fancy it you cannot be of the 'fancy.' The slang of the science is too difficult for most of us, and if you cannot master the technical terms of a game, how can you hope to play it? Even

football would be dull if you had no elementary conception of 'off-side,' and it is easier to get 'off-side' at folk-lore than it is at football. Moreover, folk-lore is a science entirely devoid of humour. Euclid has his pictures and occasionally admits that things are absurd; but the smiles of folk-lore are in the Other-world, and even their ghosts do not appear to the latter-day student.

I should never have troubled further about folk-lore had not I met one of its greatest professors. To him I unburdened myself and told my trouble. 'Folk-lore books,' he explained, 'are not made to read. They are written to amuse the writer. You write about folk-lore—then you will begin to enjoy it.' I remembered that Lord Foppington held similar views when he said, 'To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now, I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.' An idea held in common by a peer and a professor must be precious indeed.

I modestly murmured that I knew nothing about folk-lore. To which the Professor encouragingly remarked that I should 'approach the subject with an open mind.' 'There is one royal road to success,' he said as we parted; 'have a theory of your own, and whatever happens, stick to it.'

Now, curiously enough, I had a theory about folk-lore. It was the simple common idea that comes to many children even in their earliest school-days. The schoolmasters were all wrong. The professors of folk-lore were teaching it upside down. Instead of beginning with ancient legends and working back towards to-day, they should begin with to-day and march forward into the past. I wired to the Professor about it—reply prepaid. His answer was encouraging. 'Theory probably Celtic origin; stick.'

As my business is to preside over a County Court, I went down to my work full of my theory and determined at all costs to stick to it. I know that to the pathologist a County Court is merely a gathering-place for microbes, and a centre point of infection; that the reformer sees in it only a cumbrous institution for deciding unnecessary disputes, whilst the facile reporter comes there to wash from its social dirt a few ounces of golden humour for his latest headline. These are but surface views. I went there like the poet 'whose seed-field is Time,' to find folk-lore, and I was overwhelmed.

No sooner did I enter the Court, as I had done many and many a hundred times, than the High Bailiff, rising in his place, called out, as he, too, had done many a hundred times, 'Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! All persons having business in the Manchester County Court draw near and give attention.' At once I knew that the place I was in belonged to the old days of fairies and knights, and ladies and giants, and heroes and dragons. The 'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!' struck my certain ear and told me I was in the presence of folk-lore. The creeping voice of the old world came stealing across the ages, calling upon me 'Oyez!' 'Hear!' and if you can 'Understand!' It seemed to bring its message with a sly chuckle as if to say, 'There you are, my modern, up-to-date, twentieth century judicial person, beginning your day's work with the same old cry that has called men together to listen to official wisdom for centuries of time.'

My friend the High Bailiff has not, I am sure, the least notion that he is, from a folk-lore point of view, a man of parallels and analogues, or that the 'fancy' would undoubtedly classify him along with that most beautiful of human fritillaries, the Herald. For indeed, in everything but glory of costume, he is one of those delightful figures of the middle ages who carried challenges and messages of peace and war, and set out the lists in jousts and tournaments, and witnessed combats and wagers of battle—which my friend sits and watches to-day—and recorded the names of those who did valiantly, and remembered the dead when the fight was over—which to-day he leaves to the reporters. Here in this dingy court in a Manchester back street students of folk-lore may see a real Herald calling out 'Oyez! Oyez!' announcing that the lists are open, and that anyone may come prancing into Court and throw down his glove—with the post-heroic gloss of a treasury hearing fee upon it—and that if the challenge be taken up, the fight may proceed according to the custom of County Courts.

I would inaugurate a movement to apparel the High Bailiff in scarlet and gold lace, and I would have him ride into Court on a white palfrey, sounding a trumpet, but that I fear it would lead to jealousy among Registrars. Besides, some envious German professor⁸ will, I know, point out that as a Crier my High Bailiff is more akin to the *Praeco* of a Roman auction, and that the village town crier is his poor relation. The answer to this is that his auctioneering tendencies really belong to his bailiff cycle, as the 'fancy' would say. And as a bailiff we could, did time permit,

trace him in dry-as-dust glossaries and abridgments, through a line of sheriffs of counties, and stewards of manors, and in various forms of governors and superintendents, until we lose sight of him as a kind of tutor to the sons of emperors in the twilight of the gods.

Let the High Bailiff call on the first case, and say with Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York :

This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

It seems a real pity that we no longer follow the rubric of the Second Part of Henry VI., and that we cannot see Horner enter with his neighbours 'bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it,' on the other side 'Peter with a drum and a sand-bag.' Horner and Peter to-day would make a much better fight of it, thumping each other with sand-bags, than they do 'barging' at each other with tongues, and they would be better friends afterwards. With a small charge for admission, too, and two houses a night, the County Court might be self-supporting.

But we have not got very far away from the wager of battle after all. The hired champion is still with us from the house of the old Knights Templars, but he breaks against his adversary his wit instead of a lance. In another hundred years or so our methods of settling disputes may seem as laughable and melodramatic to our more reasonable great grandchildren as our grandfathers' romantic methods seem to us. They may think that fees paid to eminent counsel, dressed in antique shapes, to exhibit their powers before packed galleries, according to the ancient and musty rules of a game that is wholly out of date, is an absurd way of endeavouring to reconcile human differences. The whole thing must before long, one would think, tumble into the dustbin of history and become folk-lore. But the legendary charm of the absurdity will always remain. Sir Edward Clarke or Mr. Rufus Isaacs, appearing for an injured ballet-girl in a breach of promise case against a faithless and wicked peer, is only a new setting of the story of Perseus and Andromeda, with the golden addition of a special fee. Perhaps there is even a parallel for the special fee in the old myth, for may it not be said that in a sense Perseus was moved to leave his usual circuit, and appear against the dragon by the tempting special fee of Andromeda herself? Could such a glorious

figure be marked on the brief of to-day, what eloquence we should listen to.

The longer one stays in a County Court, the more does the atmosphere seem charged with folk-lore. Sagas seem to float in the air with the soot of our smoky chimneys, and wraiths of old customs swim in the draughty currents of cold that whistle under our doors. No sooner does a witness step into the box than one perceives that he too is an eternal type, and our methods of dealing with him as everlasting as the forms of the waves. The Greeks with all their noble ideals were a practical people, and the exactitude of their terminology is beyond praise; with a true instinct they described their witness as *μάρτυς*, a martyr. For, in the Golden Age, and equally, I take it, in the Bronze, Stone, and Flint Chip period, the only way to stimulate your witness to truth was by blood or fire. These rough, kind-hearted, jovial, out-of-door fellows had not considered the superior and more subtle torture of cross-examination. The rack and the stake were good enough for them. Yet I feel sorry for the Greeks. How an Athenian mob would have enjoyed the intellectual entertainment of Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., administering one of those searching cross-examinations so lovingly described in Lord Brampton's 'Book of Martyrs.' Many others I have heard greatly skilled in this truly gentle art, but no one who played the game with such sporting strictness or approached his task with such loving joy. To see a witness in his hands made one feel almost jealous of the victim. To say this is only to say that to be a great advocate you must also be a great sportsman.

How many moderns could handle a witness after the manner of Master Izaak Walton dealing with his frog? 'I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed-wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly that he may live the longer.' Alas! Lord Brampton's arming-wire is laid on the shelf, and the pike in his pool mourns for Master Izaak—but what sportsmen they were! Really, when I think of the sorrows of the human frog in the witness-box, I begin to think the hour is coming to start a Witness Preservation Society with a paid secretary and a London office. It would be a charity—and there is a lot of money in charity nowadays.

Some day I will write a book the size of a Wensleydale cheese on the folk-lore of evidence. It should be written in German, but unfortunately I am such a bigoted Imperialist that I have patriotically avoided the study of the tongue. It should perhaps be published in several cheeses, and the biggest cheese should be all about the Oath. It was the flood of folk-lore on this subject that overwhelmed me when I first began to consider the matter.

In our County Court to-day we administer two oaths. The Scotch oath, with uplifted hand, and the English oath, with its undesirable ceremony of kissing the Book. The Scotch form is incomparably the older, and though some maintain that the hand of the witness is lifted to show he has no weapon about him, there seems no doubt that the sounder view is that both Judge and witness are really each lifting his hand in appeal to the Deity. In this way did the Greeks lift their hands at the altars of their gods when they made sacrifice. In similar fashion was the oath to Wodin administered in the Orkneys by two persons joining their hands through the hole in the ring-stone of Stennis. So also Aaron 'lifted up his hand toward the people.' And it is no stretch of imagination to suppose the lifting of the hands to the sun to have been one of the most natural and solemn attitudes of early man. In the Scotch form of oath we seem to have a ceremony that has been with us from the earliest dawn of humanity. I have seen this oath administered in a Scotch Court, and it certainly still retains many of the solemn incidents of a religious ceremony, and compares very favourably from a serious dramatic point of view with the English oath as administered here. The fact that the Judge administers the oath himself, standing with hand uplifted, is impressive, at all events to those to whom it is not made stale by custom. To me it seems a very appropriate ceremony in an old-world system of law such as prevails in Scotland, where there are numerous judges and not too much work to do. In a busy English urban County Court, it would render the life of the Judge uninsurable.

Our English oath is a much younger branch of the family. I have made my own theory of its incidents, and remembering my professor's advice, I propose to stick to it. It is quite a modern idea that the oath should be taken on the New Testament. Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, writing to John Paston in 1460, says that the late Sir John Falstafe in his place at Suffolk, 'by his othe made on his primer then granted and promitted me to have his manner

of Gunton.' Even as late as 1681 Coke's 'Institutes' print a form of oath with the Roman Catholic adjuration, 'So help you God and all Saints.' An Irish woman in Salford County Court quite recently objected to kiss the Book, and desired to kiss a crucifix. But the 'kissing' idea is very modern. In 1681 it seems clear that kissing the Book was not a necessary official act. All that was necessary was to place the hand upon the Bible. 'It is called a corporall oath,' writes Coke, 'because he toucheth with his hand some part of the Holy Scripture.'

The efficacy of the 'touch' runs through all the old legends, and we have an amusing survival of it to-day when a punctilious Crier insists upon a nervous lady struggling out of her glove before he will hand her the Book, and again, in the peremptory order constantly given by a clerk when handing the Book to a witness, 'Right hand, if you please.' For these demands there is as far as I know no legal sanction, and I take them to be echoes of the social system of these islands that prevailed some time prior to the building of Stonehenge.

Touching a sacred object seems a world-wide method of oath-taking. The Somali—who are not yesterday's children—have a special sacred stone, and observe a very beautiful ceremony. One party says, 'God is before us, and this stone is from Amr Bur,' naming a fabulous and sacred mountain. The other party receiving the stone says, 'I shall not lie in this agreement, and therefore take this stone from you.' Let us hope that what follows is more satisfactory than are my everyday experiences.

The exact origin of kissing the Book in English Courts, though modern, is obscure. It is not, I should say, a matter of legal obligation, but seems to be merely a custom dating from the middle or end of the eighteenth century. If a witness claims to follow the law according to Coke, and to take his 'corporall oath' by touching the Book, who shall refuse him his right? The 'kissing' act seems akin indeed to what the 'fancy' call, somewhat unpleasantly, a saliva custom, which in modern western life exists in very few forms, though many of the lower classes still 'spit' on a coin for luck. The subject is a very large one, but the fundamental idea of all customs relating to saliva seems to have been a desire for union with divinity, and if the Book were always kissed in our Courts with that aspiration, the custom might well be retained.

Unfortunately, the practical value of an oath depends in almost

exact ratio upon the depth of superstition of the person to whom it is administered. The moral man will speak truth for practical moral reasons. The immoral man will lie for practical immoral reasons. The latter in the old days was hindered by the oath from lying, because he firmly believed in the practical evil effects of breaking the oath. The perjurer of old was certainly 'looking for trouble.' This is not a phrase of the 'fancy,' but it exactly describes the oath-breaker's position. Some of the few minor *sequelæ* of perjury were such domestic troubles as a curse which ran on to the seventh generation, or the perjurer's death from lingering disease in twelve months, or that he would be turned into stone, or that the earth might swallow him up and that after death he would wander round as a vampire. These simple beliefs, which were no doubt part of the cave-dwellers' early religious education, must have done a great deal to render the evidence of early man more trustworthy and accurate than that of his degenerate younger brother.

Though in an occasional burst of atavism an uneducated man may kiss his thumb instead of the Book, the bulk of humanity take any oath that is offered without any deep feeling of a religious sanction, or any particular fear of supernatural results. It is not altogether a matter of regret that this should be so. Our ceremony of oath taking is really a Pagan one. Our very verb 'to swear' takes us back to the pre-Christian days when man's strength and his sword were the masters, and peace and goodwill had not come to conquer the earth. To swear was to vow to Heaven upon a sword. When we offer the Book to a witness to swear upon, we really tender him, not a Christian thought, but the old Pagan oath which, splendid as it was, is no longer of force. It was a fine thing in its day when a knight vowed upon his sword 'to serve the King right well by day and night, on field, on wave, at ting, at board—in peace, in war, in life or death; so help him Thor and Odin, likewise *his own good sword*.' It is no use replacing the sword by the Book if you retain the spirit of the sword in the old Pagan ceremony. The word 'to swear' is very closely related to the word 'sword,' and the very essence of swearing, deep down in the root form of the thing and the word itself, is to take one's sword in one's right hand, and fight for one's own side with an energy that will make the Pagan gods shout with joy in the Valhalla. Medical witnesses and land surveyors are real Vikings in this respect, especially as it seems to me those of Celtic origin.

But of a truth it is not only the oath and the witnesses that want

amendment. For when I suggest that it would be well in Court if we obeyed the command, 'Swear not at all,' and that the outward use of the Book in the County Court is undesirable, it is because I feel that some such thing as a Court on the lines of the teaching of the Book ought not to be wholly impossible after nineteen hundred years of endeavour. You must drive out of the Court all the folk-lore with its Pagan notions of fighting, and hired champions, and oaths, and witnesses, and heralds, and above all you must get rid of the anachronism of a Judge, and appoint in his place a peace-maker or official reconciler. The idea is not wholly Quixotic. Lord Brougham, a very practical reformer, had hopes of constructing Courts of Reconciliation in this country seventy years ago. We shall not close the courts of litigation and replace them by courts of reconciliation in a day. But I am optimist enough to hope that I may go down to my work at Quay Street one morning to find that we have been taken over by a new department called the Office of Peace, and that under the Royal Arms is our new official motto, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'

THE HYBRIDISATION OF ORCHIDS.

THE 'Catalogue of Orchid Hybrids' lately issued by Messrs. Sander is the first compilation of its sort offered for public sale. Amateurs and nurserymen have made lists at various dates upon such information as they could collect; the attempt was most praiseworthy, seeing that so much of the work has been done by private individuals and no register exists. But for the same reason they were necessarily imperfect even at the moment of issue. Mr. R. H. Measures has been recording the hybrids of *Cypripedium* since 1890, and he kept up his manual till lately; but it deals only with a single genus, and it is privately printed. Mr. Rolfe, editor of the 'Orchid Review,' is preparing a 'Stud-book' which will give not only the list of hybrids and their parentage, but also the names of the gentlemen who raised them, the date of their first appearance, and a reference to publications where each is described or figured. But meantime Messrs. Sander's catalogue is invaluable. The task has long been urgent. Fifty years have passed since Dominy produced the *Calanthe* which bears his name—first of artificial hybrids—and now they are a host, something like two thousand in the genus *Cypripedium* alone. And every week brings additions. Hearing of new triumphs continually perhaps one is apt to exaggerate the number of persons engaged in this fascinating pursuit. But if the great operators all over the world are but a dozen or less, a very large proportion of the amateurs in this country have begun to experiment in a modest way. Their orchids carry pods, and with just pride they show a pan or two of seedlings. But all these worthy folk are anxious to know what others have done, if only to escape repeating an alliance already effected. Hitherto they have looked in vain for a complete or authentic guide.

It may seem hasty to write upon this theme when the discussions of the great International Conference on Plant-breeding, which occupied four days at the Horticultural Hall last summer, are still unpublished. But my article is not designed for the scientific. We have still to wait some months before the proceedings of that learned assembly are issued; even then they will not be accessible

to the public at large; nor will the general reader be much enlightened in any case by the study of profound speculations dealing with theory rather than practice.

In the hybridisation of orchids a variety of odd and puzzling questions arise, some of which must be noted; but I am not qualified to go deeply into them even if this were the place. I hope, however, that the subject will be found interesting, although treated superficially. Most readers of the CORNHILL have looked through Darwin's work probably and remember something of the wonderful contrivances whereby nature tempts insects to approach the flower of certain orchids and then compels them to pollenate it. We have still to ask why these complicated arrangements should be necessary; why the fertilisation of these plants should not have been made as easy as in the rose, for example.

The number able to impregnate themselves is scarcely perceptible among the hosts of orchids known—perhaps 12,000. Darwin was acquainted with ten species of this class; a good many have been discovered since, but they are still reckoned by units. The rest depend upon moths, beetles, and other insects which are attracted by their scent, sometimes by their stench, and by the honey which most secrete. Such visits are mere chance, not always nor perhaps generally successful when they occur. We want information on this as on many other points from persons who see the epiphytes at home. Mr. H. O. Forbes, in West Java, could find but one capsule of seed on a plant of *Cymbidium staphelioides*, and one for every sixty flowers on *Dendrobium crumenatum* and *Calanthe veratrifolia*. *Vandas* also had but few. On the other side of the world, the extreme rarity of seed-pods among the millions of *Odontoglossum crispum* imported furnished one of the arguments urged formerly by those who could not believe it would ever be hybridised by man.

Darwin's book set many orchid growers thinking. The foremost of amateur hybridists has told how he read it on a Sunday afternoon; visiting his greenhouse afterwards he examined a Cypriped in bloom, verified Darwin's report of the structure, and tried the experiment of fertilising it—with a lead pencil. To his astonishment the ovary swelled, and continued to swell; in due time, ten or twelve months perhaps, it formed a great pod of seed. Thus Mr. Norman Cookson was tempted to begin hybridising. With a lead pencil, or an instrument as rude, man is able to disconcert all the elaborate machinery which Nature

has designed to check the reproduction of orchids. If new to the business he may still be puzzled for an instant to find the pollen masses or the stigma in a species hitherto unexplored. But it is only for an instant, and when the organs are discovered a touch completes the operation. All the arrangements, however, are so different from those of other plants that we can understand how nurserymen and gardeners failed to grasp them for generations. The first exotic orchids grown in this country of which we have report were *Bletia verecunda* and *Cypripedium spectabile* in 1731, next a *Vanilla* in 1739, *Cypripedium parviflorum* in 1759—all in the Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea. No others had been introduced apparently when Linnæus published the 'Genera Plantarum' in 1763. In a few years, however, the number increased to twenty or more, chiefly through the enterprise of Sir Joseph Banks, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century it had risen to 326. But Dominy, earliest of hybridisers, did not begin to work till 1853.

Botanists already understood the structure of orchids, well enough at least for practical purposes, but they were not likely to instruct the nurseryman. New and beautiful flowers do not console the majority of *savants* for the confusion of species which is the result of hybridisation; if their protests are seldom heard now it is perhaps because despair possesses them. The feeling of botanists at an earlier time was pleasantly illustrated by Mr. James Bateman in a speech at the Orchid Conference. He said :

I was brought up with the very strongest abhorrence of hybridisers. I fell into evil hands early in life. My first orchid-growing friend was Mr. Huntly. When I paid him a visit at his snug rectory in Huntingdonshire he pointed out his cacti and his orchids, and said, 'I like those plants—in fact they are the only plants I grow, because those fiends (meaning hybridisers) cannot touch them.'

We are told that when *Calanthe Dominiæ*, the first hybrid to flower in England, was shown in triumph to Dr. Lindley, the great *savant* exclaimed: 'You will drive the botanists mad!' That was the first thought suggested by the marvel. To such heat did the feeling rise in that day.

But there are always traitors in the camp when good men band themselves in a holy cause. Dean Herbert of Manchester, a botanist, a man of science, actually suggested the hybridisation of orchids in the 'Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society.' He had done something of the sort himself, and boasted of it.

Here are his words in an article styled 'On Hybridisation among Vegetables,' published in 1847 :

Cross-breeding among the Orchidaceous plants would, perhaps, lead to very startling results ; but unfortunately they are not easily raised from seed. I have however, raised *Bletia*, *Cattleya*, *Herminium monorchis*, and *Ophrys aranifera* from seed ; and if I were not, during the greater part of the year, absent from the place where my plants are deposited, I think I could succeed in obtaining crosses in each order. I had well-formed pods last year of *Ochis* by pollen of *Ophrys*, as well as of other species of orchids which had been forced ; and if I had remained on the spot I think I should have obtained some cross-bred Orchidaceous seed. An intelligent gardener may do much for science by attempts of this kind if he keep accurate notes of what he attempts, and does not jump at immature conclusions.

It would seem, therefore, that Dean Herbert was the first of mortals to raise exotic orchids—or any other probably—from seed.

Six years later, Mr. John Harris, surgeon, of Exeter, revealed the sacred mysteries to Dominy, Messrs. Veitch's foreman—showed him where to find the pollen-masses and the stigma, and explained to him that though the construction of orchids differs fundamentally from that of other plants, the principle of reproduction is the same. I should like to know more of this thoughtful surgeon, who must have had both practical and theoretic knowledge of the subject, gained perhaps in foreign service. Dominy was quite competent to use the hints thus acquired. In 1853 he began hybridising, rather promiscuously as it seems ; but the conditions of success are only half understood now, and then they had all to be discovered. However Dominy obtained a quantity of seed-pods at the start, and even a good proportion of seed—which does not follow by any means. For, to begin with, the swelling of the ovary is not proof that the stigma has been impregnated. So sensitive is this organ, so eager, we may fancy, to fulfil its purpose, as if conscious of the difficulties which Nature has put in the way, that it will hail an unsuccessful attempt, and simulate all the processes of gestation. In the case of *Cypripediums* it is not necessary even to offer the means of impregnation—a touch with a stick or a leaf may set all the machinery working. Everything seems to be correct ; after many months the seed-pod ripens and splits—but there is only fluff inside. Too often the same maddening result follows when the operation has been perfectly successful. Plants so dependent on a lucky chance for fertilisation must needs be very prolific, or they would not survive. The seeds in an orchid capsule should be reckoned by the hundred thousand, not to say million, but in

our greenhouses if we find scores we have great reason for thankfulness ; and if one in ten ' comes up ' that is notable good fortune. ' The seed of hundreds of capsules has been sown without yielding a single result,' says Mr. Veitch. ' In very many cases only a solitary plant has been raised from a capsule that must have contained thousands of seeds.'

I cannot learn that botanists or collectors have made observations bearing on this matter ; but it may be assumed that in the lands where orchids grow wild, the pods are duly filled with living seed. Why is it so scanty with us, even though all the processes required for a successful issue have been carried out ? The rarity of sunshine and the dulness of our skies explain much. Mr. Veitch made a calculation : *Cattleyas* of the *labiata* group, for instance, live in valleys of the Cordilleras, 2,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, between the second and the tenth parallel of north latitude. There the sun-rays fall perpendicular, or at a small angle, the year round, whereas an angle of 28° is the best we enjoy, says Mr. Veitch, and that only for a few days at midsummer ; at Christmas it is 75° . But we have many cloudy days in summer and few sunny ones in winter. That is not all. When light falls perpendicularly, one fifth is absorbed or intercepted by the atmosphere. At an angle of 50° one fourth, at an angle of 75° one half. Thus on a bright day of winter, rare as it is, we get no more than five eighths of the sunshine these *Cattleyas* receive at home ; and what shall be allowed for fogs and smoke ? The marvel is that every pod does not rot off.

But Dominy got seed—what was he to do with it ? Mr. Harris probably could tell him no more than he knew—that epiphytal orchids grow on trees, sometimes on limestone rocks. This information might well put him on a wrong track. We scarcely know even yet the conditions under which orchid seed survives at home ; but the proportion must be very small or every tree would be bristling with plants—which is to say that the conditions are rarely found. Some of them we understand. Evidently the grains which live must be carried by the wind to some nook very warm and very damp, but perfectly sheltered against sun and rain. The number of our seedlings which perish shows that this is not all. So nice is the adjustment of circumstances in the case of *Odontoglossum crispum*, familiar to everybody, that a plant is never seen below an elevation of thirty feet from the ground nor above forty feet—so collectors report. Dominy could not know how intricate

was the problem before him—intricate to the degree that, although of late years a solution has been found, thoughtful men are still dissatisfied. Dominy had all to learn, and he made experiments. The seed was sown on blocks of wood, on stems of tree-fern and strips of cork, on the mossy surface of pots in which orchids were growing—actually anywhere that seemed to offer a chance of success. I believe there is no record of Dominy's failures—indeed, the record of his triumphs in this early time is meagre. The enterprise must have looked so speculative, in a business point of view, that perhaps no one took it very seriously except himself. It occupied a lot of time also, and time means wages. If the truth were known, Messrs. Veitch may often have felt inclined to stop these eccentric proceedings—and no blame to them.

The best method of raising seed is a question of such obvious importance that I must dwell on it. Whatever their experience hybridists are always eager to hear what a competent person has to say upon the subject, and if I myself have no claim to offer an opinion I am allowed to express the views of experts.

In the first place the seeds should be thoroughly dried in the pod, for if planted fresh they are apt to damp off. A space of two or three weeks is recommended in summer; in winter of course they will rest till February. As for the sowing, most authorities agree that the best results are obtained, upon the whole, by scattering the tiny grains over pots in which orchids are already established and growing; Mr. Cookson thinks indeed that this is the 'only' way to get a satisfactory return in the case of *Cypripeds*, *Odontos*, *Phajus*, and *Calanthe*. On pots also the germs take care of themselves and they are more likely to sprout. But the seedlings are not so easily and safely dealt with afterwards, and therefore the grains of most species are strewn over coarse linen, where the elaborate arrangements necessary for this mode of culture are provided. A small pan must be filled with live sphagnum, of which the heads have been cut off to check growth. Upon this the linen is stretched tight, and the operator, taking up a little seed on a knife, puffs it lightly over the surface. The pan is deposited in a glazed case, and it receives constant attention. But one who cannot bear the expense of such conveniences should remember that he may do quite as well without them—sowing upon pots as I have noted. Some short time ago the gardener of a leading amateur, Mr. Colman, secured a quantity of precious *Odontoglossum* seed. Having filled a

number of pans with it, according to the best rules of art, he found there was a good deal over; this he threw anyhow upon some pots of established orchid. Not a grain germinated under the scientific system, but multitudes on the rough peat. These, however, had not been labelled, and the result is that Mr. Colman now possesses a fine collection of hybrid *Odontoglossum* seedlings of which, unfortunately, he does not know the parentage.

I am told that M. Vuystekke, a very well-known grower of Belgium, uses no system at all. Discovering that in a certain corner of his greenhouse *Odontoglossum* seed springs and flourishes as if by magic, he just shakes a pod there and confidently anticipates a crop. It is true that the harvest will be a jumble of hybrids beyond identification except by guess, but that he does not mind. An American amateur, Mr. D. S. Brown, avowedly treats his *Cypripedium* seed in this manner. There is a rockery along the wall in one of his greenhouses, covered with ferns and moss; here he throws it down, and it grows as a matter of course. But the vagaries of orchid seed are a theme for endless stories. So light is it that currents of air hardly perceptible will waft it any distance. There was a curious example on view for many years at St. Albans. An orchid seedling made its appearance on the woodwork above a door in one of Messrs. Sander's houses. In due time it resolved itself into a *Catasetum*, and grew and grew until, after ten years perhaps, it flowered, proving to be *C. tabulare*. But no *Catasetum* had ever borne a pod in the establishment; it is not a genus which anyone would hybridise. Doubtless the grain of seed had clung to some imported plant, surviving through all its adventures, had taken flight on entering that greenhouse, and sped to the opposite door, alighting on the painted woodwork, and there, finding itself comfortable, thrived. It is quite a common incident to discover a crop of seedlings upon the underside of a stage, or of a grating on the floor, when moved. Also seed falls or gets washed into the tanks and floats there until picked up in a watering-can and deposited heaven knows where. Mr. Cookson once declared to me: 'My experience is that we obtain as many seedlings from pots on which we have sown no seed as from pots on which seed has been sown'; now he writes: 'With the increased care bestowed on orchid raising it is no longer so.' But I suspect that the rule still holds good for most amateurs.

I must not overlook the curious theory developed by M. Noël Bernard in a paper read before the Académie des Sciences

last year. This gentleman has satisfied himself that orchid seed will rarely germinate unless in contact with a species of microscopic fungus (*Endophyte*). It seems likely to him that the leading genera of the family have each a fungus peculiar to itself; but of the broad fact he is quite assured. It is the absence, or the rarity, of these organisms which accounts for the very small number of seeds that germinate among Odontoglots, in especial—certainly not one in 100,000. Also it would explain why they germinate so freely, by comparison, when sown upon a pot in which an orchid is already growing, for the *Endophyte* would be established there. M. Bernard has already identified and cultivated several varieties of the fungus. The theory is still young, but I understand that a good many experts strongly incline to accept it.

Dominy made his first attempt with *Cattleyas* apparently. What species he used is unknown, and the products did not long survive; but they flowered and they received the name of *C. hybrida* and *C. Brabantæ*. *Cattleya* seedlings will not reach the blooming stage until three years after germination now; while the best treatment had still to be discovered the time was vastly longer. Thus the first seedling that rewarded his pains was a *Calanthe*, a genus very much quicker of growth. This was *Calanthe Dominii*, offspring of *C. Masuca* and *C. furcata*, still in cultivation. One of his greatest successes in after years was *Calanthe Veitchii* (*C. rosea*—which used to be called *Limatodes rosea*— \times *C. vestita*), an universal favourite and parent of such favourites as *C. bella*, *Clive*, *Victoria Regina*, to name only three among the group. Dominy's first hybrid *Cypripedium* was *Harrisianum* (*Cyp. villosum* \times *Cyp. barbatum*), gratefully named after Mr. John Harris. We need not pursue the story. The father of hybridisation retired in 1880, and Seden took his place—a worthy successor.

I am not without hope that this little dissertation may persuade some amateurs who have not thought of hybridising to try the experiment. There is plenty of room for them. The 3,000 crosses enumerated in Messrs. Sander's list may seem a formidable number; but in view of the possibilities it is insignificant. How many species of orchid have we under cultivation? Estimates vary, but twenty-five hundred is a moderate allowance. If any and all of these could be induced to pair, the number of hybridisations possible would be reckoned in millions, I suppose. That cannot be, though I shall report some crosses presently which

seem almost to suggest that there is no limit. Still, we cannot hope that Dendrobes and Cypripeds, for instance, will ever make fertile seed. Even in species nearly allied, a small difference of structure will check impregnation, as when the grains of pollen are too small to produce tubes long enough to reach the ovule of the flower to which they are introduced. And in the practical point of view a large proportion of the crosses possible are not worth making, because the result would not repay the trouble. After all allowances, however, the residuum is enormous. Moreover, the hybrids already established can be hybridised among themselves, and are; also with other species. Hundreds of varieties at the present time have hybrid parentage on either side; they represent the union of four species. And they themselves are still being hybridised with other hybrids—but, it must be owned, with increasing difficulty among *Cattleyas* and *Laelias*—which is to say among the orchids most widely tested. It seems likely that the limits of hybridisation have nearly been reached here. The instance of *L.-C. Henry Greenwood* is typical. This superb variety is the product of *L.-C. Schilleriana* \times *C. Hardyana*, of which the former is a natural hybrid of *L. purpurata* \times *C. intermedia*, the latter a natural hybrid of *C. aurea* \times *C. Warcewiczii*. Thus *L.-C. Henry Greenwood* represents the third generation of hybrid parentage. Messrs. Sander tell me that they have crossed it, not only with other fine hybrids but with species, times beyond counting. They have obtained more than fifty seed-pods, but only in a single instance did one contain fertile seed. Examination of the pods at different stages showed that the germs perish gradually. It would seem, therefore, that hybrid *Cattleyas* and *Laelias* lose the power of reproduction after a few generations. But we have still much to learn—ours is a very young science.

How long will the amateur have to wait for a tangible result? A good long while, it must be confessed—time enough to forget the existence of the seedlings if his enthusiasm be not deep. *Disas* are quickest of all—hybrids have been known to bloom in eighteen months from the date of sowing; but a year and nine months may be the average. Next stand *Calanthes*, which take two to three years; but the hybrid *Cooksoni* not only flowered but won a first-class certificate at the R.H.S. within two years. It is to be noted that terrestrial orchids generally are quicker of growth from seed than epiphytal; *Calanthes* do not properly belong to that class, but they run so close to it that everyone grows

them in soil. Dendrobes need four or five years to mature. Cypripeds are variable; cases where they have flowered in three years are not uncommon; but the average perhaps will take six months more. The Earl of Tankerville has made a record lately by flowering a *Cypripedium* hybrid at eighteen months old. With *Phalænopsis*, *Masdevallia*, *Chysis*, *Phajus*, *Zygopetalum*, and *Lycaste* it is much the same. *Sobralias* and *Cymbidiums* require four years, *Epidendrums* two to three. The times have shortened generally, as knowledge and experience grew. Ten or twelve years used to be the space allowed for *Cattleyas* and *Lælias*; four to five is about the average now. But when the seed-bearing parent, which may be called the mother, is notably less strong in constitution than the pollen parent, or father, there is a great difference in the length of time needed.

Opponents of hybridisation can be found easily enough, even among enthusiastic orchidists. Some raise the old objection that it obliterates Nature's landmarks, so to say—the distinctions of species and even genera—thus confusing the science of botany. Such views are entitled to respect, but it is a little difficult to treat them seriously at the present day. We know—what our forefathers did not suspect—that Nature is hybridising all the time. There are indeed certain classes so carefully protected against accident that they remain pure; but in most genera probably, if we fail to recognise a hybrid it is because we do not yet possess sufficient knowledge. One example of a foreign strain, however, in one species, would suffice to demolish the argument, for it would show that Nature herself does not regard her distinctions as sacred. And I could give a hundred examples among *Odontoglots*, *Lælias*, and *Cattleyas*. Let us be specific. Turning to Sander's 'Orchid Guide,' I find 137 species of *Odontoglot*, not counting varieties. Eleven are styled positively 'natural hybrids' and fifty-three more 'supposed natural hybrids,' leaving only seventy-three of purity assumed—but not always unquestioned. The same cautious phrase 'supposed' was applied to the eleven formerly, but one by one they have been proved 'natural.' The process of verification began sixteen years ago, when Leroy, gardener to Baron Edmund de Rothschild, at Armainvilliers, delighted orchidists by showing the progeny of *O. crispum* and *O. luteo-purpureum*, the first hybrid *Odontoglot* ever raised. And it proved to be the familiar *O. Wilckeanum*! No one was astonished, however, for upon internal evidence that 'species'

had long been assigned to the accidental union of *crispum* and *luteo-purpureum*. Next, I think, came *O. excellens*, produced artificially from *O. Pescatorei* \times *triumphans*, as also had been anticipated. And so with the others.

But in three cases out of four at least *O. crispum* itself, the most popular of orchids, is a hybrid. Nature made that loveliest of flowers pure white, and in this instance it may be allowed that hybridisation cannot improve upon the type. But a pure white *crispum* is comparatively scarce; nearly always it has specks or dots or blotches of colour. Every one so marked betrays alien blood, assimilated at a time more or less distant, perhaps, in proportion to the size and number of the stains. Interesting questions of the practical sort arise in considering this matter, but I remember dealing with them at some length in the 'Fascination of Orchids' published in the CORNHILL, December 1905. The point is that Nature makes hybrids in abundance; to protest against man doing likewise is unreasonable.

It should be noted, however, that the original purity of *crispum* is denied by some eminent authorities, who suppose the florescence to have been highly coloured in the beginning. It follows, according to this view, that the spots represent traces of the former colorisation, vanishing fast now.

Another class of objectors will not admit that the artificial flowers—so to call them—which we raise are superior to the parents; or, if they allow a few exceptions, insist that these prove the rule. To argue upon matters of taste is proverbially futile. I shall not attempt it; everyone may judge for himself. But there is a consideration which all who grow orchids must recognise as supremely important—nearly always hybrids prove to be stronger than the natural species, hardier, more vigorous of growth, and more floriferous. Mr. Cookson writes: 'I have no doubt that home-raised seedlings are more robust. This is proved by my experience of hybrids, but it applies also to the seedlings of species, which we have raised sometimes to increase our stock of some rare variety.'

One would not have expected this, but when the fact has been demonstrated to find an explanation is easy. I have pointed out that in the winter months, even when the sun shines, New Granadan *Cattleyas* receive only five eighths of the light they would enjoy in their native country. And most other tropical and sub-tropical orchids suffer equally or more. But want of light is only one item of their martyrdom in our houses; if they were not the most patient

of living things, most cheerful in adapting themselves to circumstances, they could not survive, much less ripen their seed. But the hybrids, born here, are unconscious of a happier fate. The artificial conditions in which they have been raised are natural to them, and they thrive as their parents did at home. This stoutness of constitution is already affecting the import trade. There will always be a demand for certain species, as *O. crispum*; but it is no longer worth the trouble and expense to employ collectors generally. Messrs. Sander's large staff has been reduced to four, and I believe that no other firm has even one. Native speculators are doing what is done in that line, consigning the result to Europe. But as robust hybrids become commoner and cheaper it seems likely that imported plants, feeble by comparison, will steadily fall in price, when, as most people think, the others are far more beautiful.

I have said that orchids in general are the most patient of living things, cheerfully putting up with adverse circumstances. But the remark does not apply to all, of course. Many species of the rarer sorts are delicate and whimsical. The value of hybridisation here is patent. For if a plant of good stamina and easy growth be allied with one of these valetudinarians it has always proved hitherto that the seedlings inherit more or less of the stronger constitution. There is a change in the flower, no doubt, but the special virtue of both parents will be represented. Scarcely any have yet succeeded in keeping alive the two beautiful *Phajus* from Madagascar, *Humblotii* and *tuberculosis*, more than very few years. But the former has been crossed with *P. grandifolius* and *Wallichii*, the latter with both of these and *P. Blumei* besides—tall and vigorous species every one. I need not name the products, which rank among Mr. Cookson's special treasures, but all are sturdy as beautiful. For another illustration it is pleasant to cite a lady's triumph. *Vanda Hookeriana* is the loveliest of its lovely group, but unwilling to accommodate itself to our methods or to flower. Miss Joaquim mated it with *Vanda teres*, and the hybrid, named after her, gives no trouble. Another service of the same class may be mentioned. Not a few orchids carry flowers of the greatest beauty upon stems so short that much of the effect is lost, and, besides, they are unfitted for cutting and for ladies' wear. In particular I may mention *Cyps. concolor*, *bellatulum*, &c., which have been crossed with *callosum*, *Lawrenceanum*, *villosum*, *venustum*, and *nitens*, always to their advantage in this point of view, though much

remains to be done. Exquisite little *C. niveum* is not in such bad case, but its short stem has been lengthened by alliance with *Lawrenceanum* and *Mastersi*.

The aspect of hybridisation most interesting to science I have left to the end, in order to obtain the latest reports. This is the effect of crossing different genera. In theory the operation cannot produce any result. Even species are not fertile with each other; for if they be, the fact shows that they were wrongly classified as different. All definitions of the term agree on this point; I may quote De Candolle's: 'A species is the association of all individuals which mutually resemble one another, and from whose union proceed fertile offspring which *again reproduce themselves in successive generations*, so that their descent from a single being may be inferred.' Different species may produce offspring, as an ass and a horse. But it goes no further—a mule cannot breed. This is the supreme test—fertility of the offspring. But Messrs. Sander's Catalogue enumerates more than three thousand hybrids, of which the greater part are the product of species classed as different—and every one of them which has been tested proves to be fertile, though not indefinitely; I have mentioned the case of *L.-C. Henry Greenwood*. It would seem that the classification of orchids needs readjustment.

The discovery is startling for botanists. But there is much more. Crosses between different genera should be doubly impossible; the pollen of one could not impregnate the other. But a score of such hybridisations have been made already, the product has flowered, and in some instances has consented to be hybridised again. Here is a list of such bi-generic unions enumerated in Messrs. Sander's Catalogue.

Brassia tuberculata has been crossed with *Cat. intermedia*, and the hybrid of this with *L. elegans*. *B. Perrinii* with *Cat. guttata*. *B. fragrans* with *Cat. intermedia*, *Cat. Mossiae* with *B. fragrans*. *Cat. Schröderae* with *B. glauca*.

Bollea has been crossed with *Chondrorhynca*. *Diacrum bicornatum*, which we used to call an *Epidendrum*, with *Lælia*.

Epidendrum aurantiacum has been crossed with *Cat. intermedia*. *E. Parkinsonianum* and *E. Costaricense* with *Cat. Gaskelliana*. *E. radicans* and *O'Brienianum* with *Cat. Bowringiana*. *E. O'Brienianum* with *Cat. Claesiana* and *guttata*. *E. radiatum* with *Cat. Bowringiana*. *E. vitellinum* with *Cat. guttata*, and *E. radicans* has been crossed with *Sophronitis grandiflora*.

Crosses of *Epidendrum* and *Lælia* number seven;—Cooper-

ianum, *radicans*, and *Wallisii* with *L. cinnabarina*. *E. ciliare* with *L. pumila* and *L. anceps*. *E. macrophyllum* with *L. harpophylla*. *E. radicans* with *L. purpurata*. Also *Lælia* has been crossed with *Leptotes*.

Odontoglossum cirrhosum and *Vuykstekeæ* have been crossed with *Cochlioda Noetzliana*.

Calanthes vestita, *Bryan*, *masuca*, *gigas*, and *Veitchii* have been crossed with *Phajus grandifolius*. *C. masuca* with *P. Humblotii*, *C. Veitchii* with *P. Wallichii*. Oakwood Ruby with *P. Sanderianus*, *C. Baron Schröder* with *P. Wallichii*.

Cymbidium giganteum has been crossed with *Phajus grandifolius*.

We have eighteen crosses between *Sophronitis* and *Cattleya*, nine between *Sophronitis* and *Lælia*. *Zygopetalum crinitum* has been crossed with *Batemannia Colleyi*; *Z. Gautieri* with *Aganisia lepida*; *Z. brachypetalum*, *maxillare*, *crinitum*, and *intermedium* with *Colax jugosus*; but these are scarcely bi-generic. At the fortnightly meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society on May 1 last year Messrs. Charlesworth made a grand sensation by producing a hybrid of *Lælia tenebrosa* and *Epidendrum prismatocarpum* and another of *Lælia purpurata* and *Epidendrum macrochilum*, both in flower. They were perfect unions beyond dispute, showing the influence of each parent in growth, leaf, and bloom. Unfortunately the interest was purely scientific, for beauty they had none.

Hybrids of *Cattleya* and *Lælia* I do not include, because the difference between them, though real, is not generic. They number 537.

It must be remembered that in all the cases cited seedlings have been raised and flowered—which is to say that new 'species' have been created. Further, of bi-generic seedlings, healthy, vigorous, well grown for several years, which have not yet proved their character by flowering, reports beyond suspicion of bad faith, almost of error, give *Anguloa* × *Lycaste*, various, *Brassavola Digbyana* × *Sobralia*, various, *L. autumnalis atro-rub.* × *Epidendrum falcatum*.

But there are rumours—something more than rumours indeed—of marvels far greater. The parents of all those hybrids named belong at least to the same hemisphere—American or Asiatic, as the case may be—though divided perhaps by thousands of miles and living under quite different conditions. But some audacious

hybridists, defiant of all laws and probabilities, have mated showy flowers without regard to geography, or structure, or anything else. And from such unnatural unions they have raised plants which are as healthy as could be desired.

But none of them, so far as I can hear, have flowered; and whilst that consummation is delayed, we cannot be sure that the parents have made a real match. The case of the American *Cypripeds* is a warning. They are termed, merely for convenience, *Selenipeds*, but in character and anatomy they do not differ from the Asiatic members of the family. Both cross without the smallest difficulty among themselves. It might have been predicted with confidence that they would be equally willing to cross with one another. So in fact they are, but no flower comes of it—or none has come so far. Dominy united several *Cypripeds* and *Selenipeds* quite successfully, as he imagined. The seedlings grew and grew. They were sixteen years old, if I remember rightly, when shown at the Orchid Conference in 1885; they have gone on growing ever since, but none have flowered. And that has always been the result as yet, I believe, of crossing American and Asiatic *Cypripeds*, with one exception. Messrs. Sander have crossed *Selenipedium Sargentianum* with *Cypripedium Rothschildianum*; but the product was *Sargentianum* pure and simple, to all appearance. At the same time Mr. Rolfe does not doubt that our British *C. calceolus* and *S. spectabile* of the United States, both hardy of course, would produce a true hybrid. It is rather curious that no one has tried the experiment.

I find those gentlemen who have made 'impossible' crosses unwilling to talk about them. They expect to astound the universe one day—if their calculations prove exact they will not be disappointed. Messrs. Charlesworth made a good beginning the other day, as I have noted, with their hybrids of *Lælia* and *Epidendrum*. In those cases the union was complete; the influence of each parent showed itself. But lovers of the marvellous must fear that the fruitful alliances more extraordinary still, of which there is talk, will prove to be counterfeits mostly. If the progeny can be brought to bloom it is too likely that they will be mere reproductions of the stronger parent. There are instances of this already. *Zygopetalum* is the standing example. All its species have been crossed scores of times, if not hundreds. *Z. Mackayi*, for example, has been tried with *Odontos. Pescatorei*, *crispum*, *grande*, and *Bictonense*; *Onc. tigrinum*; *Lyc. Skinneri*; *Lælia anceps*;

Cal. vestita, and *Vanda cœrulea*. In every case good seed was obtained; the young plants grew well and flowered. But every one was *Z. Mackayi* unchanged. Moreover one of these hybrids was put to *L. anceps alba*, and still, in the third generation, the offspring was *Z. Mackayi*. But there are exceptions nevertheless. *Z. Gautieri* has been successfully mated with *Aganisia*, and *Z. crinitum* with *Batemannia Colleyi*. It is true that both of these genera are near akin to *Zygopetalum*.

I trust I have made it clear that hybridisation is a fascinating pursuit. More than a hundred and fifty new hybrids have been registered this year—five bi-generic. The first *Cælogyne* cross has flowered—*C. × Brymeriana* (*Dayana × asperata*). Memorable also is the blooming of *Brass. Cat. Mrs. J. Leeman inversa* (*B. Digbyana × C. aurea*), which represents *B. Digbyana* as the seed-parent, firstborn of a family which will be the largest among hybrid stocks, no doubt. A marvel of tender loveliness it is.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

A GALLANT MISADVENTURE.

BY SIR J. GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E.

NURSES, rural deans, county councillors, retired buttermen, company promoters, persons of twenty stone and upwards, Government departments, and especially copy-books, tell us that there is no such thing as luck. Good work is always rewarded, and gallantry never fails to be recognised.

Those who buy sweep tickets, those who try to spot winners, women who hem shirts for sweaters at a farthing a shirt, portly majors, junior subalterns, inventors, people with a system at Monte Carlo, socialists, and ballet girls are pronouncedly of the contrary opinion.

There was a man who went out to shoot jungle-fowl. He was not at all a good shot and he knew it, so he had no scruples whatever about how he got his bag. Jungle-fowl are as elusive as liars. They cannot be put up without a dog. They run like hares and swerve in ground jungle like a tricky three-quarter at football, so that shooting them requires skill. This officer preferred to steal up like a sepoy, who has had three cartridges given him, with instructions to get four birds. It was a desperately jungly country, and the man had gone out from camp determined to get something as a change from 'bully' beef. He had an orderly with him, and they crept along with as much precaution as if they had terrorist bombs in their pockets.

Suddenly they came upon the open gate of a stockade, where the dacoit garrison were just having their evening meal. The dacoits saw him at the same moment that the officer caught sight of them. A moment's hesitation would have been fatal. He jumped up, fired both barrels of his smooth-bore loaded with No. 6 into the mass of them, shouted 'Come on, my lads,' and ran straight for the gate. The dacoits turned and ran and the officer and his orderly took the stockade. More than that, the work proved to be the highest of a series, and all of these were evacuated also, and the whole position, which was to have been attacked next day, and would probably have cost a good many lives, was occupied half an hour later by the column.

That officer got the Victoria Cross, and the man with him got corporal's stripes.

There was another man, or rather a boy, for he was only a midshipman, on a launch, with five or six bluejackets, and a few firemen. He was reconnoitring a very strong position, really a fortress, on the top of a rock, which could only be scaled on one side. It was held by a garrison of more than a thousand men. The steam launch ran aground on a mudbank in the creek, right under the guns of the fortress and within rifle range of the ramparts.

Backing and poling failed to get the launch off, and the Asiatics in the fort lined the walls and looked on. The midshipman was wild with rage at the thought that he was going to lose the boat, and would probably be made a prisoner. The calmness of the garrison made him still more furious. So he turned to his men and said: 'Come on, let's take the scurvy place,' and jumped into the water. The bluejackets laughed and followed him. They waded on shore through the mud. A few ineffectual shots were fired at them, of which they took no notice. They charged up the hill, and, probably to their amazement, though the midshipman would never admit it, the holders of the fort threw down their arms and submitted. The launch floated off with the afternoon flood, and was taken back by the firemen to announce the capture of the position. It was occupied in force next day. That midshipman got praise from everyone who heard the story, but he got nothing else. Fifteen years afterwards he was no more than a commander and had gained his rank in the ordinary course by seniority.

Besides the luck of the opportunity, which sometimes never falls to a man in all his service, there is the luck of having someone to see what is done, and there is the luck of having a senior officer who can write a fairly grammatical account of what has happened, and, above all, there is the luck of red tape.

There was a gunner who unhorsed his own guns so as to be able to carry off an enemy's battery. He got the coveted Cross, but there were many jaundiced persons who pointed out that the slightest mischance would have meant a court-martial, with cashiering as a possible result.

There was a surgeon who was shot in the leg, while attending to wounded sepoys under fire. He was permanently lamed, but he got nothing, not even leave, because he had gone out with the column as a mere spectator, and not under orders.

There was another surgeon, who carried several wounded under

shelter and was untouched himself, but who got the Victoria Cross, because he was on the strength of the column.

There was still another surgeon, who, when the combatant officers were put out of action, led the party and took a strong position. Nobody disputed the gallantry of the action. There were some who recalled a very similar case, where, for want of a leader, the troops fell back at the same moment that the *sangar* they were attacking was actually being evacuated by the enemy on the other side. That position had to be taken at considerable cost six weeks later, when the enemy had come back again and thought that the attack would not be pressed home. The surgeon who actually took command and took the stockade had a dyspeptic commanding officer, who merely recorded the success and said that the duty of a surgeon was to attend to his legitimate work, and that was all that came of it, except that a matter-of-fact office *babu* noted that 'this medical officer has been reprimanded for neglect of his ordinary duties.'

Most singular of all, there is the legend of the officer who, since there was no one senior to him, recommended himself for the Cross and got it.

The most trying fighting of all is fighting in jungle country, where there are constant surprises, where troops can only operate with a very narrow front, and where men may be shot from an ambushade, and none of the party ever see who fired the shot. That is very often the only sign of the enemy that is to be had for weeks, and it is not the sort of thing that improves the nerves of any one engaged.

Nevertheless nothing was commoner in the last Burma war than for a party of officers to march at the head of the column. Some did it because it was the only chance of seeing any fighting; others because it was much more comfortable than walking in the dust stirred up, or in the mud churned into slush, by the passage of many feet on roads just the width of a cart. None of them thought of the risk to which they were exposing themselves.

Perhaps the wearisomeness and monotony of the campaigns in 1886 to 1889 were the cause of it. There was marching and very little else. The Burmans were too wily ever to be cornered, and there was practically no single occasion when there was what could be called a reasonable stand-up fight.

The whole of Upper Burma was a mere chaos at that time. There were bands of regular dacoits who were legacies from the

times of King Thibaw. They were mere professional brigands, who had not an idea or an aspiration beyond robbing their fellow-countrymen, living free on the countryside and collecting as much plunder as they could. It was no part of their programme to fight, and they were as shy as an okapi and as hopeless to surround as a pack of wolves. If a few happened to be cut off, they were as dangerous to tackle as a mad dog in a garden shrubbery.

There were disbanded Burmese soldiery, men far from their homes, with no money and no means of getting food, nothing but the guns which had not been taken from them. They had a bad reputation with the country people to begin with, and in their straits they did more and more to deserve it, until some of them drifted into the regular dacoit gangs, or started amateur bands of their own. Sometimes they were in huge parties of some thousands, and a day or two later broke up into scores, through the difficulty of getting supplies, or the approach of a British column.

There were also the followings of displaced Burmese officials. The great majority of the provincial and district governors in Burmese times were non-resident, and they either could not or would not make their way to their charges. Consequently the British Government appointed men on the spot in their place, and the officers dismissed then proceeded to try to take by force or intrigue what they had not the energy or the inclination to occupy by the simple process of submitting to the British Government. All of them had multitudes of personal retainers, and any party out in arms in those days easily got recruits of all kinds, so that many of them soon raised huge bands, with which they usually first proceeded to murder or drive out the British nominees, and so were proscribed and entered the heterogeneous list of those who were classed together under the comprehensive title of dacoits, though some purists insisted on calling them rebels.

Besides these there were a certain number of princes of the blood, who went out as rebels. Unfortunately none of them were men of any energy or force of character. If they had been, they would have gathered far greater followings and so would have been the more easy to force to an engagement and be done with. All of them, however, had considerable numbers of supporters, and they easily got more from among the hosts of court officials for whom the British Government had no use.

The number of pretender princes was even greater. These were of all kinds, from persons with a chemical trace of royal blood,

to flat adventurers, who could have imposed on no one but the credulous Burman. Nevertheless they drew as many supporters as the anæmic true princes and gave trouble for a much longer time. They took to themselves the names of noted heroes of Burmese history, or assumed fantastic styles such as the Buddha King, or the King of the Law, or the Lord of the Celestial Weapons, and they granted titles and assigned territories with a profusion which brought many other adventurers to their camp. Above all, they issued high-flown proclamations and magniloquent royal orders, which appealed to the dramatic instincts of the simple-minded Burmese villager.

Finally there were the monkish leaders, who denounced the British as heretics and brute beasts, aiming at the overthrow of the Buddhist religion and the extermination of the Burmese race. They were the most fanatical of all, and it was perhaps only the monkish bands that attacked British troops in preference to their own countrymen.

The expeditionary force that overthrew King Thibaw and occupied Mandalay was not nearly large enough to occupy the country, least of all a country where there were no roads, and a territory which was described as one vast military obstacle. The Irrawaddy River was an admirable means of getting to the capital, but it implied nothing but a system of water transport. There were no means of getting about on land, no pack animals, very little cavalry, practically no mounted infantry for months, and the most sketchy of freehand drawings in place of maps. The country supplied nothing but the slow-moving bullock-carts, with wheels made out of one or two slabs of wood, which screeched on their axles like the spirits of the damned, announced their approach half an hour beforehand, and went a paltry mile an hour.

Only a few widely spaced centres could at first be occupied, and the method of reducing the country first adopted was to march columns through it from station to station. A column was tied to its carts and had no more chance of catching a dacoit band than an overloaded lorry has of overtaking a motor-car, or a funeral procession of keeping a butcher's cart in sight. The Burmans compared the marching parties to buffaloes tramping through elephant grass, which parted on either side and closed up behind in exactly the same state as before, when they had gone by.

There was a British force which was marching from one district headquarters to another, and on the way was supposed to be

clearing the country of dacoits. The distance was about a hundred miles, and, though it was in early June, the country was dry and dusty, for it was in the dry zone, where the rainfall is less than the average for England, and the scrub jungle consists of prickly bushes, euphorbias, cactuses, dwarf tamarind trees, the sort of growth that suggests heat and thirst, merely to look at it, and gives no shade whatever. The stretch they were marching through had been reported for weeks by civil officers and intelligence officers and intelligent native officials to be full of dacoits in several bands. There was a pretender prince, who had been a vaccination clerk in Lower Burma, and found the work too monotonous for him, so he got a rubber stamp and some gold ink, and sent out proclamations of the most florid and bloodthirsty kind, with a peacock seal in the top left-hand corner and down at the bottom.

There was an old cavalry officer of the 'Regiment of the Left,' who had fought in the first Burmese war as a boy under Maha Bundula, and gained many followers by his tales of the victories which the Burmese used to win in those days. There were two or three proscribed old local officials; and there was a quasi-religious leader who called himself the Dhamma Yaza, the Lord of Holy Writ, and was called the Bible Clerk by facetious subalterns, with a superficial knowledge of Burmese.

Each of these leaders was reported by the informers to have a following of at least a thousand men, and some of them were credited with considerably more. It was always usual to divide native estimates by twenty, or ten, as if they were bridge scores, but even then the total under arms reached quite a creditable total and tantalised zealous pursuing officers.

The column had started full of warlike enthusiasm. They had a cloud of scouts out in front and on the flanks. They marched at eleven o'clock at night, and they marched long before dawn, and one day they tried marching at noon. Nobody, however, saw anything, not even friendly villagers. They arrived in camp at all hours, and their baggage always came in many hours after the main body, and the complaining of the wheels almost seemed to end in a snarl, or a whine, according to the feelings of the drivers.

They were now only three marches off their destination, and no one thought of doing anything but get done with it. The Colonel loudly announced that the country was absolutely deserted; the subalterns expressed their conviction that the dacoits had slaughtered all the loyal villagers and then had themselves

died of exhaustion ; the reports which constantly came in of the doings of the rebel bands were received with absolute disbelief, but were conscientiously noted by the civil officer in his diary.

On this particular day the guide had disappeared early in the march, and there was a general conviction that the column had lost its way. So the senior subaltern and the civil officer had ridden on ahead with a couple of *sowars* (native cavalymen) to look for a monastery, or a collection of rest-houses, or something of the kind, where the British soldiers could get some shelter for the night, since no tents had been brought for them. The gunner had gone on with them, because gunners are fastidious about camping places and like their mules to be spaced out in beautiful rows, at regulation distances.

They were riding at a foot-pace through the acacias and mimosas and cactus clumps, and gnarled, sun-soaked scrub jungle, which was the only vegetation they had seen since they started. It is just about as high as a man riding on a big waler horse, and it is open enough in the dry weather to ride through easily, but is dense enough to prevent anything from being seen more than twenty paces or so away.

'Bemashidalèdè village should be somewhere near here,' said the civil officer, 'the guide said it was about five *daings*, and we've done quite twelve miles.'

'Confound you and your thingammyjig village. Why don't you get guides that won't run away?' grumbled the senior subaltern ; 'that Johnny this morning vanished like smoke at the first halt.'

'Why didn't you look after him?' retorted the civil officer, standing up in his stirrups and peering about to right and left. 'You know very well it's a hard job to get guides. Two of them were killed up north last week, and I hear that the man we had the day before yesterday has had his ears cropped off.'

'He must have done it himself, then, to get enough money to set up as a landowner. I'll swear there's nobody within fifty miles of us. If it comes to looking after guides, we'll simply have to have the next man on a rope.'

'You'll have the chief and the newspaper correspondents down upon you if you do that. Why don't you give the poor beggars something to eat? If you fed them up before the start in the morning, you would not have half the trouble and no more would I.'

'Anything to eat! Why he had——'

'Oh, stop your grousing,' said the gunner. 'Mind, you must get me a place to-day where there is plenty of *jowar*, maize or Indian corn, or millet or something. My mules haven't had a decent feed since we started.'

'Feed the guides and feed the mules! Well, anything more——'

'*Sahib*,' said one of the sowars in a loud whisper, 'I hear men's voices over there on the left.'

They halted and listened. There was a confused murmur of many voices a little way off the cart track, and it was very evident that there was quite a considerable gathering.

'That's your village, I expect,' said the senior subaltern.

'More likely to be dacoits. Do be quiet a bit!' said the civil officer under his breath. 'People don't buck like that in a Burmese village. Let's reconnoitre.'

So they wheeled off the road through the trees and got separated a bit, from having to avoid branches as they went abreast. The sowars followed instead of going ahead. A hundred yards on, the whole three of them, about the same moment, saw a clearing in the jungle, with lines of shelter huts, mostly made of branches of trees, at the far side, and hundreds of men, some of them talking, but most of them apparently engaged in cooking their rice.

'Hst!' whispered the civil officer, leaning down on his pony's neck, 'we've got a fine chance here. This is the Prince's gang, I expect. Can you send back to the column?'

But somebody heard or saw them. There was a shout of '*Kala labyi*, the *Kalas* have come; the foreigners have come!' and an instant bolt on the part of the Burmans.

'Oh, charge them,' shouted the gunner, and he went straight for the thickest of the crowd, with his sword down, as if he were tent-pegging.

'Don't mind the followers,' cried the civil officer, 'go for the thatched places at the far corner. That's where the leaders will be,' and he galloped skew across the line and was nearly charged over by one of the sowars.

None of them took the least notice of his advice, even if they heard it. The senior subaltern and the sowars followed the gunner's lead and rode full tilt at the dacoits who were nearest them.

The senior subaltern fired all six barrels of his revolver at a man with a bright pink new turban. The man looked very conspicuous and caught the eye, but not a single bullet touched him. The senior subaltern finished by throwing the revolver itself, lanyard

and all, and this time he caught the man on the head and knocked him down. The Burman wriggled to one side to avoid the pony, rolled over on his side and hamstrung the beast with a slash of his *da*. The next second he was up and off at right angles. The senior subaltern got clear of his pony and ran after him, but, though he was proud of his sprinting, he had not a chance with the Burman, who gained the bushes and vanished utterly after a few zigzags.

The two sowars did considerable execution with their spears, but it takes time to get a spear clear. Their big horses were unhandy and they had only made a few runs apiece, when the clearing was empty and they plunged into the jungle after the dacoits. There one of them was very soon swept off his horse by a branch of a tree and made such an outcry that the other sowar came to his assistance, and in the meantime both the last of the dacoits and the troop-horse disappeared in the jungle.

The civil officer had no arms, and anyhow he was after the leaders and not the followers. He drove his pony through a rabble of men, who were snatching up bundles of clothes, weapons, and miscellaneous articles, and had just got up to a shelter hut, larger and higher than the others, when his pony put its foot in a hole in the ground, dug for a fireplace, and pitched on its nose. At the door of the shelter hut, there was a slim man with a moustache, struggling to get a revolver out of its leather holster. The civil officer was shot clean over the pony's head on to the legs of this man, who incontinently collapsed on top of him. A follower of the *Bo* (the leader) slashed at the civil officer, before he could free himself, cut through his pith sun-hat, sliced a lot of skin off his skull, and gashed him in the shoulder.

Just then the gunner caught sight of him and came charging down with a sort of Afghan yell. The *Bo*, the slim man with the moustache, jumped on the civilian's pony and was off like a scared rabbit. The man with the *da* hesitated for a moment, jumped to one side to escape the gunner's point, and then ran for the scrub too. The rest of the dacoits had vanished as suddenly and completely as if the whole thing had been a magic lantern view.

The gunner flung himself off: 'Badly hurt, old man?' he asked as he helped the civil officer on his legs.

'Dashed if I know. What are you messing about here for? Kill that man in the yellow turban, with the moustache.'

'He's got your gee, I see, but aren't you cut about a bit? You're bleeding like a stuck pig. You'd better let me tie you up.'

'Oh, curse the bleeding. Catch that man, I tell you. He's the Prince. I'm sure of it from the moustache and the figure of him.'

'Well, but——hullo! here's the column. I'll send the surgeon to you,' and he swung himself into the saddle and cantered off to tell the colonel.

The troops were extended and beat all the jungle for an hour or two without any result, and the small handful of sowars charged for miles, apparently in the wrong direction, for they saw nobody, and came back at sunset dead-beat and considerably crestfallen. The bugles had been sounding for three hours to guide them to the camp.

The civil officer had had his head and shoulder bandaged by this time and had discovered from one of the dacoits, cut down by the gunner, that it was really the Alaga Prince's band that they had stumbled across, and that *Buddha Yaza* and *Thinga Yaza*, two other dacoit leaders with fantastic titles—the Buddha Lord and the Lord of the Assembly—had moved off only a short time before.

He was accordingly cursing his luck and the slowness of British columns, and the ill-considered impetuosity of his companions, who went for the rabble instead of for the leaders, and the letting slip of an opportunity which was never likely to occur again, until he aroused the indignation of the colonel, who wanted to know why he had not shot the Prince himself, if he was so near him. The civil officer said he never carried arms on principle, and the colonel declared he had no right to go unarmed, if he went at all, because the necessity of protecting him deprived the fighting strength of so many rifles, who had to look after him, just as if he were so much baggage train.

This was an old subject of argument, and might have gone on for ever, if it had not been put an end to by the arrival of the carts and the rearguard. The cartmen were asked where Bêmashidalèdè village was, and said the column had kept too much to the left, instead of always bearing to the right, and that the village was at least five miles off to the south-west, and that it was impossible for the bullocks to get there that night. So it was decided to bivouac in the dacoit camp.

In the meantime the scene of the fight had been cleared up. There were nine dead dacoits and something over a score of wounded men, who had not been able to get away. Seven of them had been

run through the body by the sowars, and several of them ought to have been dead, but Burmans have as many lives as a cat. The rest had been slashed by the senior subaltern and the gunner, but chiefly by the latter.

There was quite a large collection of old Tower muskets, and flint and matchlock guns and *das* which had been dropped or left behind in the hurry of the surprise. Besides these there were scores of cooking-pots and bags of rice and bundles of clothes and bedding, and a couple of big gongs. The chief capture, however, was three brass two-pounder guns, which had belonged to the regular Burmese army. There was no ammunition for these, but there were five jingals—carronades—about eight feet long and made to be carried on the shoulders of two men and fired by a third. All five were loaded with a liberal supply of iron shot, a little bigger than a golf ball, and there were several baskets, full of this ammunition. It was lucky therefore for the attackers that they had been so prompt to decide and that they had discovered the dacoit camp before they were seen themselves.

It was quite a notable success for that stage of the pacification of the country, and the only losses were the sowar's troop-horse, which had not been recovered, and the senior subaltern's hamstringed charger, which only concerned himself. The civil officer had lost his pony also and had, moreover, a personal conviction that his wounds were sufficiently unpleasant, but, from the military point of view, that was only interesting as a subject for chaff. There was a good deal of it that evening round the camp fire, which was lighted, not because it was cold, but because it was a convenient point of assembly. All but the three engaged in the affair were excited, though they were more than a little sore at the complete failure of the attempt to cut up the scared dacoits.

Still, it was a welcome change from the hitherto unvarying series of disappointments. The senior subaltern was advised to leave his revolver behind when he went out again and to throw shoes instead, for the surgeon had discovered that not a single man had been hit by a bullet. The civil officer was told that the next time he took a toss, the best way was to clasp the nearest man round the neck and not round the legs, to scrag and not to collar low, as it was put in Rugger phraseology; and it was suggested to the gunner that he might have a chance in the cavalry when he learnt to use the point rather than the edge.

The general impression, however, was that all three were in

great luck, and that they would get something satisfactory out of the performance.

The colonel in particular was in high good humour, and next day wrote a flaming despatch about this 'engagement with the enemy after so long a period of fruitless and exhausting pursuit.' It was most unfortunate that the enemy did not stand his ground long enough to permit of the success of the enveloping movement, which was instituted immediately on the arrival of the column, but his material loss had been considerable (and would be found in detail in Appendix A). The news of this encounter, when it came to the ears of the population, could not fail to have a most impressive influence, and to persuade them that the escape of the rebels was hopeless, and that therefore it was to the interest of all honest people to supply exact information as to the hiding-places of the dacoit leaders, more promptly and more freely than had hitherto been their practice.

There was much more in the shape of a technical description of the exact movements of the infantry, the handful of cavalry and of the two mountain guns, and, in conclusion, the colonel said he wished specially to bring to the notice of the general officer commanding the brigade the conspicuous gallantry of the two officers, Mr. Muckairn (the senior subaltern) and Mr. Dalnacarroch (the gunner), who, with no more than two sowars, had not hesitated instantly to attack the whole rebel force, which outnumbered them by many hundreds to one, and had inflicted on them the very considerable material loss, set out in the attached casualty list.

This gallantry was in accordance with the best traditions of the service, and it was further to be noted that Mr. Dalnacarroch, the artillery officer, had saved the life of the civil officer, who, unarmed, had involved himself in a situation of very considerable peril. This might, in the circumstances, be considered an occasion for a recommendation for the Victoria Cross. That he left to the decision of the general officer commanding the brigade, but he ventured with some confidence, to submit the names of the officers mentioned for the Distinguished Service Order, and he had also the honour to recommend the two sowars for the Order of Merit.

It was expected that the lost troop-horse would shortly be recovered, but meanwhile it would be replaced through the *chanda* fund. (The *chanda* fund is a reserve sum kept by some Indian cavalry regiments to replace troop-horses, which are the property of the troopers themselves, brought with them on enlistment.)

The colonel was a jovial, good-natured person, who was really seen at his best under a punkah at the Madras Club with a tumbler beside him, but he rather fancied himself on his despatch-writing, which was a judicious combination of the language of the 'Soldiers' Pocket Book' and Dean Swift's 'Critical Essay on Nothing.' As he signed the paper, he rubbed his hands and said to the adjutant: 'I think we have done the job this time. You might let the youngsters know—quietly, you know, quite quietly.'

The column marched on the following morning to Bémashidalèdè which they found to be very considerably farther off than they expected and at an obtuse angle to their line of march of the day before. The missing of the road on that day was therefore very obviously the reason why they had come across the dacoit camp. There was not a single officer in the column who did not confidentially impart this suggestion to the civil officer during the march, until he became quite bitter about their preternatural acuteness. Moreover, when they got to the village they found that it had been burnt to the last stick by the dacoits on the previous evening, and therefore furnished information as to the line of retreat of at least some of them.

From this they continued their march to the district town, buoyed up by rumours of the whereabouts of the dacoits ahead of them and encouraged by recollections of the unexpected, but no more was seen of any gang, or even of isolated men carrying arms.

In those days communications were slow in the province, and the telegraph wire was open for an average of two days at a time during the month, and for the remaining period was in the hands of the linesmen, with a strong guard, repairing stretches ranging from a couple of yards to a couple of hundred, carried off by the dacoits in a variety of places. The letter mail was technically weekly, but there was often a very considerable congestion.

It was therefore quite a month before the colonel received a reply to his despatch. It was to this effect: General Cockenzie had received Colonel Blank's despatch, No. 10,005 (undated). Colonel Blank was requested to observe for the future that he must never omit the date of posting; also that his paragraphs must be consecutively numbered; also that the proper plural of cow (used in enumerating the live stock reported as captured) was kine and not cows. The general was surprised that Colonel Blank should move in so loose a formation through a hostile country, as had manifestly been the case from his despatch under reply. The

practice had become too common and was most dangerous. Colonel Blank would be well advised to refresh his memory as to the formations prescribed in the manuals concerned. With regard to the recommendation of the two officers, Lieutenants Muckairn and Dalnacarroch, for the Distinguished Service Order, the General was so astonished at this further evidence of Colonel Blank's failure to recognise the regulations relating to a column on the march that he was disposed to doubt his fitness for an independent command. Lieutenant Muckairn should have been with his company. Lieutenant Dalnacarroch, in absenting himself from his battery, had rendered himself liable to be tried by court-martial. It was impossible to formally censure these officers, when there was so much that was irregular in the action of Colonel Blank himself, but they should be seriously cautioned. The arms taken from the dacoits, referred to in the despatch under reply, should be destroyed, and the kine should be handed over to the Commissariat Department, unless meanwhile the villagers, from whom they had probably been stolen, should appear to claim them.

The civil officer received a copy of a printed confidential circular, addressed to the Service at large, stating that it had been noticed that certain civil officers were in the habit of unnecessarily exposing themselves to danger. His Honour was glad to think that all officers in the commission were gallant English gentlemen, but he had to call their attention to the fact that the position of civil officers, on duty with a column, was, not with the skirmishers, or at the head of the party, but with the officer commanding. The prestige gained by any band of dacoits, who succeeded in killing, or even in wounding, the chief or any civil officer, in a district, was so great, that nothing but absolute necessity would warrant officers in putting themselves in positions where anything of the kind might occur.

There was a sour silence at the station mess that night. Nobody had spirit enough to lecture his partner on the proper way of playing whist. There were no wrangles about the echo to the call and no animadversion on misguided attempts at finesse. They all went off early, and as the civil officer left he remarked: 'I'm mugging up for the higher proficiency exam., and I came across a passage in the "Suttavaddhaniti" which applies: "The master in regard to his servant should remember five things: he should allow him to work up to his abilities; he should support him; he should look after him; he should give him gifts; and he should give him leave."'

'By Jove, let's all put in for a year's leave!' said the gunner.

OLD VANCOUVER.

BY ADMIRAL JOHN MORESBY.

To all who cherish the Imperial idea it is of interest to consider the marvellous growth and development of our possessions within the memory of man, and it is of profit ('lest we forget') to jot down some facts conveying this impression before the elder generation passes away, carrying its memories with it. I, as an old sailor whose duty took him into most if not all of the five seas, have many of these impressions collected during a not uneventful service, and when, in reading of the present and growing commercial magnitude of British Columbia and Vancouver, a far older Vancouver rose before my memory, it impelled me to these few reminiscences for those who see it as it now is, but can never know the beauty that is gone for ever.

So little known, in fact, was Vancouver in 1852, that when news came to the officers' mess of H.M.S. *Thetis* (a crack 36-gun frigate) of an order to proceed there straightway, I scarcely think even our hope of sport had any more concrete form than a vague notion of forest and stream, fur and fish. But we were certainly uncommonly glad to leave Callao Harbour, where we were swinging round our anchor, for we had had more than a fair share of the arid coasts of Bolivia and Peru. So the word went round; stores were replenished, ammunition stored, and making sail to the South-east Trade, we shipped our course to the north, leaving behind us a trail of Auld Lang Syne from the admiral's ship as we cleared the harbour.

Six weeks later, when I came on deck as officer of the morning watch, instead of the meeting wastes of sea and sky, a name had become a place, and Vancouver lay before our eager eyes. We were in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, there about nine miles wide. To the southward the snow-clad peaks of the Olympian Mountains, bathed in the glow of the rising sun; to the north Vancouver's Island, its rugged coast-line broken into bays and inlets—a very paradise for yachtsmen—the dark plumage of the pine trees meeting cliff and beach.

Alongside was a fairy fleet of canoes, sharp in the bows, swelling exquisitely to their greatest beam, and tapering aft in lines of perfect grace. There was nothing fairy-like, however, about their crews. Flat faces, smeared with ochre, barred with white, black hair falling on their shoulders, and hovering about them like a palpable atmosphere, the abiding smell of the fish oil with which their bodies were smeared. Yet there was grace too in the strength of their paddling as they easily kept abreast of our six knots, tossing up a salmon or a bearskin with one sinewy arm, and keeping the paddle at work with the other. These were the well-named Fish Indians, a race distinct from those of the plains.

We were bound for Esquimalt, which had already commended itself as the best man-of-war anchorage near Port Victoria, the recently established trading port of the Hudson Bay Company. The difficulty, however, was to find it, for we had only the written description of a former visitor, and H.M.'s ships do not usually sail by charts of this description. Yet it was done—as I have done it since with slenderer clues in stranger seas—and, rounding a wooded point, the plunge of our anchor sent the echoes flying through the surrounding forests. No sound else—not a creature stirring as we looked at the lonely place which would be our home for months.

Yet for young minds a gleam of romance flickered through the long aisles of the woods, and envious eyes watched when the captain chose me to attend him on the first shore expedition and I stepped into the boat before him, elate and ready.

Trees, trees everywhere; many of them 200 feet high, laced with undergrowth, hoary with lichen, buttressed with the fallen trunks of mightier comrades. That was my first impression, that, and the majestic silence and loneliness of the place. Suddenly with a crash like the rocketing of a hundred cock pheasants, a mighty stag rose almost at our feet (where now stand the workshops of a first-class naval dockyard!), and, ere our startled brains and guns could adjust themselves, he was off and away through the forest. No dreaming after that! Here was reality, and every crack of a dry twig, every whisper of a leaf, gave a thrill of excitement.

'What did you do? What did you get?' were the questions of the crowded wardroom on our return, and my report of stags, grouse, and the rest of it, sent everyone to overhauling guns and rods for the rest of the day. Meanwhile, Captain Kuper and the

officers prepared for the visit of ceremony to the Governor at Port Victoria. Strict service this time; no question of sport, but an interesting occasion for all that; for James Douglas was no ordinary man, and his history an unusual one even for that wild time and place.

A row of three miles brought us to the Fort. Is it possible for any of those who know the stately capital of British Columbia to close their eyes and see, as I do, the little wood-palisaded building which then represented it? There it stood, defended by bastions at opposite angles, and mounting the four nine-pounder guns which were its protection against the surrounding tribes of the red man. Such was the beginning of a day that will be mightier yet as the daughter-nations realise their functions in the Pax Britannica.

The Governor greeted us in stately fashion. We were not then cognisant of his transcendent services in securing for England the sea coast of British Columbia, claimed by the United States in virtue of the Monroe doctrine; but it was easy to see that here indeed was a *man*; middle-aged, tall, and well-knit, with keen features, alert and kindly. I recognised the type that has broken out of our island home in all centuries to colonise and civilise—the born pioneer. His influence over the surrounding tribes was unbounded, and the more so because of his perfect acquaintance with their dialects, and the fact that his wife was herself an Indian princess and his saviour from death at the hands of her people. Here lay his romance. By stratagem her tribe had seized Fort James in the Rockies, and Douglas (then in command), the centre of a horde of maddened Indians, was at his last struggle, when, like Pocahontas herself, an Indian girl, the daughter of a chief, tore her way to his side, held back the savages, and pleaded his cause with such passion that the red men granted his life to her entreaties. She lived to share his honours, and became Lady Douglas, wife of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Columbia.

It did not take us long to realise that in bad weather communication with the Fort was risky by water, for an officer and two men lost their lives in a rough sea and the floating kelp which entangles swimmers along the shore. It was, therefore, resolved to break a road through the forest, and the novel task was tackled with enthusiasm. Axes sent their echoes ringing down the glades, mighty trees fell; we macadamised the track after a fashion, and

henceforth by this road (now traversed by electric cars) we had easy access to Victoria.

Our next work lay at Fort Rupert, where the garrison consisted of about sixty fur traders, on excellent terms with the surrounding Newetty Indians. No danger was dreaded, for the braves held the character of the 'King George men' (as they called all Englishmen) in high estimation and sharp contrast with their detestation of the 'Boston men' or Americans. Therefore, these fierce savages, still nominal lords of the soil, brought to the fort their bearskins and other peltry in exchange for blankets and tobacco, and good fellowship was the order of the day. We mixed freely with the tribe, marvelling greatly at their lodges—each about 90 feet in length, 30 in breadth, and 10 feet high—their sides formed of massive wooden pillars, deeply notched on top to receive the immense tree trunks which (lifted by some means unknown to us) were thatched and roofed in with plates of rough bark.

Such might have been the temple of some woodland deity—Pan—faun or satyr, and none the less so for the grotesque carving and painting of these pillars with their legends and totems in boldest relief, and the frank obscenity of many of the emblems.

Yet there was art here, too; it was extraordinary to note the skill of these Indians in carving whales' teeth with designs of rough and unmistakable charm.

But where is beauty absent?

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

In these lodges the men in summer went about naked as the woodland deities themselves, and the women scarcely less so. The children played on the ground with toy canoes and misshapen wooden dolls—one of which was in after years a precious treasure to a child of my own, who cherished her 'papoose' with all the tenderness of her little Indian sisters.

These people had a remarkable appreciation of music, and our band was a mingled amazement and delight. No matter how keen the bargaining, how entrancing the novelty of the moment, when the melody began they stiffened into spell-bound silence and a very absorption of listening. 'It was *chlose*—very good,' they would say at the close in their sententious way.

Bear, deer, and puma abounded, the latter much dreaded, and with reason. During our stay, whilst the women were gathering roots in the forest, one puma killed twelve girls, tearing them down one after another like a dog worrying sheep. We would gladly have avenged them, and the Indians were willing guides, but we had no luck in the impenetrable woods.

On our return to Victoria as the year closed, news was brought that a Scotchman had been murdered near the fort by two Indians of the distant Cowitchan and Nanimo tribes, living near the two rivers thus named which flow into the Gulf of Georgia, north of Victoria.

Justice must be done, and messengers were sent to the lodges demanding the murderers on pain of wholesale punishment. The answer was a refusal, with the assertion that the white man had insulted the squaws of the Indians and had merited his doom.

Here was a deadlock. The excuse was untenable, for the men had been seen close near the fort, and it was in the highest degree improbable that their squaws would be with them on such a journey. Force then was the only resort, and Captain Kuper assented to the Governor's wish that we should assist with an armed force from the *Thetis*.

I fear the pity of this, one of the myriad tragedies of the red man's collision with civilisation, appealed to none of us at the time. Here was an expedition, and one of some difficulty, for the tribes could only be approached through navigation quite unsuitable and impossible for a sailing frigate. I can remember nothing but pleasure and excitement.

We embarked in two of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels, a small river steamer of primitive type (the *Beaver*) and a trading schooner (the *Recovery*) with her hold planked over to accommodate our men.

The Governor took command on board the *Beaver* with a body-guard of French Canadians and twenty of our marines, whilst on board the *Recovery* was our First Lieutenant Sansum with myself as his second in command, several junior officers, and eighty blue-jackets. Three large boats with guns ready for service were towed astern.

The *Beaver* taking the *Recovery* in tow, we proceeded slowly past Victoria into the Gulf of Georgia and towards the Cowitchan River. Our speed was perhaps two knots an hour, but who could grumble at delay amidst such scenery as opened on our astonished

eyes, a maze of islets transfigured with snow, plumed with pines sparkling with a fairy glitter of frost and sunshine, and all around enchanting bays and inlets, and the blue channels of the interlacing sea, brooded over by the eternal silence of the Rockies.

Below deck our pleasures were of a more mundane order. There were six of us in the little cabin—a tight fit—and our host was the skipper, Jock Mitchell, a kindly Scotchman as ever followed the sea. His delight in fostering our ravenous appetites knew no bounds, and extraordinary and mysterious in their inception were the dishes he provided! I recall one apple tart that was as the Sphinx's riddle, for Vancouver produced no apples, and tinned fruits as yet were not. It was hugely and unsuspectingly enjoyed, and then some inquiring mind suggested a doubt, and we all 'looked at each other with a wild surmise,' which gradually stiffened into determination. We collared Jock, and, in spite of his refusals and entreaties, sat upon him collectively and doggedly until the truth came, or rather was squeezed, out.

'Laddies,' he gasped, 'ye have eaten naught waur nor good taties with a squeeze o' drapped lime juice!' And so it was, and after that we took what the dear old fellow gave us and were thankful.

The following afternoon we reached the Cowitchan river, and here, owing to the influence of our chief, a great pow-wow had been arranged with the incriminated tribe, who were to assemble on the morrow, bringing the first culprit with them for the white man's justice, mitigated by the red man's power of resistance.

Day broke wet and sullen, but in order to gain a choice of position we made an early start and landed our forces, anchoring the boats so that their guns dominated the situation. A small tent was pitched for the Governor, where were deposited presents for the tribe beside his pistols and cutlass; the use of either to depend upon circumstances. Then, guarded by the Canadians and marines, he and Lieutenant Sansum advanced to the front and waited.

Soon, rolling down the river came the melancholy boom of the war drums, and far-off cries resolved themselves into war-songs as a fleet of large canoes, lashed together in triplets, paddled furiously round a bend of the river and headed for our position at full speed. The strange and fascinating sight is present to me still. The whale-backed downs of Hampshire melt into air, and I see the snowy forests, the river, and over 200 tall warriors, their height exagger-

ated with head-plumes, faces terrifically painted with red ochre, decked with loin-ropes of shells which met their deerskin leggings and clattered with every movement as they leaped from the canoes.

Instantly the Governor (a non-smoker) lit the pipe of council, and smoked, watching them indifferently with Sansum and two aides-de-camp at his side. The indifference covered some anxiety, for without an instant's hesitation a large body of braves rushed up the hill-side, taking higher ground and completely outflanking us, a knowledge of tactics rendered somewhat disquieting by the array of glittering eyes and gun-barrels covering us. I desired to move our men, but it would have been ticklish work just then, and permission was refused.

The principal body of Indians formed up in our front, and three chiefs each bearing a spear advanced. Young as I was I realised that I beheld a sight symbolic and representative, the chiefs, keen-eyed and stately in spite of their barbarous dress, confronting the tall Scotchman who, they well knew, had never quailed in danger nor faltered in justice. He raised his hand and spoke in the Chinook dialect.

'Hearken, O chiefs. I am sent by King George who is your friend and who desires right only between your tribes and his men. If his men kill an Indian they are punished. If your young men do likewise they must also suffer. Give up the murderer and let there be peace between the peoples or I will burn your lodges and trample out your tribes.'

Not a sound but the Governor's voice! Then a chief lifted his spear and advanced a step, all the warriors brandishing their weapons and rattling their loin-ropes till the noise was as the crackling of a forest fire. At the first word dead silence fell, and the Governor calmly resumed his pipe—an attentive hearer.

The speech was the plea of provocation they had already put forward, and the Governor in reply promised a fair trial and due acquittal if their case were proved. Two mortal hours of heated entreaty and rhetoric and assertions followed. But finally the murderer was surrendered and in somewhat striking fashion, for the warriors all sank to the ground, the culprit and his old father alone remaining standing and abashed. They were at once sent on board.

Presents were then distributed, and, this ceremony over, the

braves re-embarked, and with war-songs changed into shouts of joy and much thunder of drums paddled away up the river.

So far so good, but to secure the other murderer was a far more difficult business, and necessitated a journey to the Nanimo tribe, some twenty-five miles to the north.

We reached Nanimo on January 9, anchoring off the alluvial delta through which by two channels the river reaches the bay. The tribe had agreed that the culprit should be given up on the following morning, and in the early dawn the canoes came stealing slowly down the current, the paddles striking the water in time to a rhythmic wail, the head-plumes white, and no war-paint; all these being signs of a peaceable intention. At the mouth of the river they came to a standstill, and not an inch further would they venture until the Governor had publicly promised them a safe return. The object of this demand was soon clear, for the chiefs immediately boarded us and without the man we sought.

An angry palaver ensued, and doubtless they would have been detained as hostages but for the precaution they had taken. However, there was no choice but to let them go, detaining their fur robes as pledges of surrender on the following day.

Meanwhile we learnt by a runner that the younger braves had pledged themselves to their comrades' safety, and it therefore occasioned no surprise when day dawned and the robes were unredeemed. We had, in fact, already begun our preparations for the march to the headquarters of the tribe and the necessary destruction of their lodges.

The expedition immediately started, the Governor and Canadians taking the lead of the column, and after an hour or two we found ourselves in a beautiful open valley leading to a formidable stockade enclosing an unusually large Indian lodge. The stockade was built of split pines about 20 feet high, firmly sunk in the ground and well braced together with loopholes for guns between the interstices. A spacious platform ran round the inside about six feet from the top, and this was manned by armed warriors. Lieutenant Sansum was for immediate attack, but the Governor refused, knowing that if we got the boats up the place might be taken without bloodshed. Accordingly I was sent back to make the attempt, and after several hours' hard tracking by officers and men in the icy water, we got into the main stream and abreast of the stockade.

Watchful eyes had followed our every movement, and intense

anxiety was at once apparent. Not a word was uttered, but silently a heavy sliding door was pushed up, and at this wordless invitation we entered upon one of the strangest scenes imaginable.

We stood in the middle of the great lodge, and the early twilight had fallen so that the chief illuminant was the flicker of several fires which sent their dancing light and shadow over the dusky interior. As our eyes accustomed themselves we saw the silent Indians standing in the wide lodge, massively framed as it was, roofed and carved, with something majestic in its simplicity and perfect adaptation to its purpose.

Four only of us had entered with the Governor, yet they laid down their arms and listened sullenly while he repeated his demand. Then one replied in their guttural dialect.

'It is well,' he said, 'it is well. But what can the old men do? The young men have hidden our brother. They have taken him far away and our eyes have not followed their track. We cannot do what we would, for the young men are strong and we are weak.'

This brought us up all standing; it was evidently true and confirmed our information, and the Governor himself was non-plussed. The winter night with an icy splendour of stars and frost was closing in, and there was nothing for it but to bivouac and await events.

Our men were brought into the lodge, and under the influence of Jack's geniality even the Indian reserve thawed. Standing apart at first, they soon gathered round the fires and supplemented our pork and biscuits with a welcome supply of salmon and potatoes.

Bushels of the latter were cooked by heating large stones red hot in a pit and covering them with mats, when, after filling the pits with potatoes, water was poured in, and the steam confined with skins and mats over all. Oh, the comfort, the abundance of that meal after the fatigues of the day! It stands pre-eminent in my gastronomic memories, and when it was over grog was not wanting, and the pipe and song went round, our hosts joining with their deep guttural where they could, and the Canadians singing the songs their ancestors had brought from the France they were never to see more. It was strange to hear 'Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres' and 'Malbrouck,' awaking the echoes of the Indian roof and startling the frosty silence! Satisfied at last, warm and dry, we slept until morning broke, and with the earliest dawn the half-breed runners were sent on the trail of the young men. It

was not difficult to strike, for pursuit had not been anticipated, and as they pushed through the snowy solitudes of the forest they hit an encampment where the embers were scarcely cold. Their Indian blood leaped at the sight, and like sleuth-hounds they followed the tracks until one single trail separated from the others.

On this they fastened, covering mile after mile with the swift easy pace, untiring and unresting, which is known to all who have watched these men at work.

The track led to a large stream and was lost, to be regained on the snow-covered boulders higher up, and then came a stretch of deep water which it was agreed that the fugitive must have covered by swimming. Reaching the shallow water they struck the trail once more, and at last, in an open glade, they ran him to earth, hidden under the roots of a fallen tree, and so brought him bound and wearied to the stockade.

It was pitiful enough to see this splendid wild man captive among his own people. What they felt I know not. What they evinced was the stoical indifference of their tradition. Not a sound was uttered, not a look showed pity or anger as we closed round our prisoner and set off on the return march.

Next day a jury was impanelled on board the *Beaver*, and the prisoners arraigned, and then came a touch of nature. Canoes brought the women alongside the *Beaver*, and, seeing the men on deck, they uttered heart-rending cries; the mother and wife of the Nanimo beating their breasts and tearing their hair with an abandonment of grief very touching to witness. There was no chance from the first, for the accused admitted their guilt and the fact that their squaws were not with them at the time. Some sudden wild impulse had carried them away, and there was no more to be said.

Death, of course, was the sentence.

That afternoon a gallows was erected on the island at the entrance of Protection Bay, and here they met their death with steady fortitude, in the fashion of brave men all the world over: a fashion varying with neither race nor time.

The piteous sequence came when the old mother, tottering to her dead son's feet, kissed and clung to them and implored that the fatal rope might be given to her. So small a mercy!—and when her prayer was granted she put it round her neck and pressed it to her lips whilst her tears ran in torrents, and some of our own eyes

were not dry. The warriors stood silent; their faces stern and quiet,

Because they would not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.

Then all moved toward the woods and vanished slowly into the gathering gloom, bearing their dead. Such was the old Vancouver.

As I lay my pen down the vision of the forest primeval and its children fades, and there rises in its place the roar of civilisation, the teeming life of the cities that are and will be throned on the North Pacific.

So the world changes; so our feverish activities fill the space between the two Silences; but to an old sailor who recalls many men and things in the peace of his last days, it is difficult sometimes to distinguish phantom and reality, and easier to believe that the pines are still waving in their solitude and the rivers running undisturbed to the great ocean.

*THE BROKEN ROAD.*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON, M.P.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

SIR JOHN had guessed aright. Shere Ali was in the conservatory, and Violet Oliver sat by his side.

'I did not expect you to-night,' she said lightly, as she opened and shut her fan.

'Nor did I mean to come,' he answered. 'I had arranged to stay in the country until to-morrow. But I got my letter from the India Office this morning. It left me—restless.' He uttered the word with reluctance, and almost with an air of shame. Then he clasped his hands together, and blurted out violently: 'It left me miserable. I could not stay away,' and he turned to his companion. 'I wanted to see you, if only for five minutes.' It was Violet Oliver's instinct to be kind. She fitted herself naturally to the words of her companions, sympathised with them in their troubles, laughed with them when they were at the top of their spirits. So now her natural kindness made her eyes gentle. She leaned forward.

'Did you?' she asked softly. 'And yet you are going home!'

'I am going back to Chiltistan,' said Shere Ali.

'Home!' Violet Oliver repeated, dwelling upon the word with a friendly insistence.

But the young prince did not assent; he remained silent—so long silent that Violet Oliver moved uneasily. She was conscious of suspense; she began to dread his answer. He turned to her quickly as she moved.

'You say that I am going home. That's the whole question,' he said. 'I am trying to answer it—and I can't. Listen!'

Into the quiet and dimly lit place of flowers the music of the violins floated with a note of wistfulness in the melody they played—a suggestion of regret. Through a doorway at the end of the conservatory Shere Ali could see the dancers swing by in the

¹ Copyright, 1907, by A. E. W. Mason, in the United States of America.

lighted ballroom, the women in their bright frocks and glancing jewels, some of whom had flattered him, a few of whom had been his friends, and all of whom had treated him as one of their own folk and their equal.

'I have heard the tune they are playing before,' he said slowly. 'I heard it one summer night in Geneva. Linforth and I were dining with a party on the balcony of a restaurant over the lake. A boat passed hidden by the darkness. We could hear the splash of the oars. There were musicians in the boat playing this melody. We were all very happy that night. And I hear it again now—when I am with you. I think that I shall remember it very often in Chiltistan.'

There was so unmistakable a misery in his manner, in his voice, in his dejected looks, that Violet was moved to a deep sympathy. He was only a boy, of course, but he was a boy sunk in distress.

'But there are your plans,' she urged. 'Have you forgotten them? You were going to do so much. There was so much to do. So many changes, so many reforms which must be made. You used to talk to me so eagerly. No more of your people were to be sold into slavery. You were going to stop all that. You were going to silence the mullahs when they preached sedition and to free Chiltistan from their tyranny.'

Violet remembered with a whimsical little smile how Shere Ali's enthusiasm had wearied her, but she checked the smile and continued:

'Are all those plans mere dreams and fancies?'

'No,' replied Shere Ali, lifting his head. 'No,' he said again with something of violence in the emphasis; and for a moment he sat erect, with his shoulders squared, fronting his destiny. Almost for a moment he recaptured that for which he had been seeking—his identity with his own race. But the moment passed. His attitude relaxed. He turned to Violet with troubled eyes. 'No, they are not dreams; they are things which need to be done. But I can't realise them now, with you sitting here, any more than I can realise with this music in my ears, that it is my home to which I am going back.'

'Oh, but you will!' cried Violet. 'When you are out there you will. There's the road, too, the road which you and Mr. Linforth—'

She did not complete the sentence. With a low cry Shere Ali

broke in upon her words. He leaned forward, with his hands covering his face.

'Yes,' he whispered, 'there's the road—there's the road.' A passion of self-reproach shook him. Not for nothing had Linforth been his friend. 'I feel a traitor,' he cried. 'For ten years we have talked of that road, planned it, and made it in thought, poring over the maps. Yes, for even at the beginning, in our first half at Eton, we began. Over the passes to the foot of the Hindu Kush! Only a year ago I was eager, really, honestly eager,' and he paused for a moment, wondering at that picture of himself which his words evoked, wondering whether it was indeed he—he who sat in the conservatory—who had cherished those bright dreams of a great life in Chiltistan. 'Yes, it is true. I was honestly eager to go back.'

'Less than a year ago,' said Violet Oliver. 'Less than a week ago. When did I see you last? On Sunday, wasn't it?'

'But was I honest then?' exclaimed Shere Ali. 'I don't know. I thought I was—right up to to-day, right up to this morning when the letter came. And then——' He made a despairing gesture, as of a man crumbling dust between his fingers.

'I will tell you,' he said, turning towards her. 'I believe that the last time I was really honest was in August of last year. Linforth and I talked of it through a long day in the hut upon the Meije. I was keen then—honestly keen. But the next evening we came down to La Grave, and—I met you.'

'No,' Violet Oliver protested. 'That's not the reason.'

'I think it is,' said Shere Ali quietly; and Violet was silent.

In spite of her pity, which was genuine enough, her thoughts went out towards Shere Ali's friend. With what words and in what spirit would he have received Shere Ali's summons to Chiltistan? She asked herself the question, knowing well the answer. There would have been no lamentations—a little regret, perhaps, perhaps indeed a longing to take her with him. But there would have been not a thought of abandoning the work. She recognised that truth with a sudden spasm of anger, but yet admiration strove with the anger and mastered it.

'If what you say is true,' she said to Shere Ali gently, 'I am very sorry. But I hope it is not true. You have been ten years here; you have made many friends. Just for the moment the thought of leaving them behind troubles you. But that will pass.'

'Will it?' he asked quietly. Then a smile came upon his face. 'There's one thing of which I am glad,' he whispered.

'Yes.'

'You are wearing my pearls to-night.'

Violet Oliver smiled, and with a tender caressing movement her fingers touched and felt the rope of pearls about her neck. Both the smile and the movement revealed Violet Oliver. She had a love of beautiful things, but, above all, of jewels. It was a passion with her deeper than any she had ever known. Beautiful stones, and pearls more than any other stones, made an appeal to her which she could not resist.

'They are very lovely,' she said softly.

'I shall be glad to remember that you wore them to-night,' said Shere Ali; 'for, as you know, I love you.'

'Hush!' said Mrs. Oliver; and she rose with a start from her chair. Shere Ali did the same.

'It's true,' he said sullenly; and then, with a swift step, he placed himself in her way. Violet Oliver drew back quietly. Her heart beat quickly. She looked into Shere Ali's face and was afraid. He was quite still; even the expression of his face was set, but his eyes burned upon her. There was a fierceness in his manner which was new to her.

His hand darted out quickly towards her. But Violet Oliver was no less quick. She drew back yet another step. 'I didn't understand,' she said, and her lips shook, so that the words were blurred. She raised her hands to her neck and loosened the coils of pearls about it as though she meant to lift them off and return them to the giver.

'Oh, don't do that, please,' said Shere Ali; and already his voice and his manner had changed. The sullenness had gone. Now he besought. His English training came to his aid. He had learned reverence for women, acquiring it gradually and almost unconsciously rather than from any direct teaching. He had spent one summer's holidays with Mrs. Linforth for his hostess in the house under the Sussex Downs, and from her and from Dick's manner towards her he had begun to acquire it. He had become conscious of that reverence, and proudly conscious. He had fostered it. It was one of the qualities, one of the essential qualities, of the white people. It marked the sahibs off from the Eastern races. To possess that reverence, to be influenced and moved and guided by it—that made him one with them. He called it to help him now. Almost he had forgotten it.

'Please don't remove them,' he implored. 'There was nothing to understand.'

And perhaps there was not, except this—that Violet Oliver was of those who take but do not give. She removed her hands from her throat. The moment of danger had passed, as she very well knew.

'There is one thing I should be very grateful for,' he said humbly. 'It would not give you very much trouble, and it would mean a great deal to me. I would like you to write to me now and then.'

'Why, of course I will,' said Mrs. Oliver, with a smile.

'You promise?'

'Yes. But you will come back to England.'

'I shall try to come next summer, if it's only for a week,' said Shere Ali; and he made way for Violet.

She moved a few yards across the conservatory, and then stopped for Shere Ali to come level with her. 'I shall write, of course, to Chiltistan,' she said carelessly.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I go northwards from Bombay. I travel straight to Kohara.'

'Very well. I will write to you there,' said Violet Oliver; but it seemed that she was not satisfied. She walked slowly towards the door, with Shere Ali at her side.

'And you will stay in Chiltistan until you come back to us?' she asked. 'You won't go down to Calcutta at Christmas, for instance? Calcutta is the place to which people go at Christmas, isn't it? I think you are right. You have a career in your own country, amongst your own people.'

She spoke urgently. And Shere Ali, thinking that thus she spoke in concern for his future, drew some pride from her encouragement. He also drew some shame; for she might have been speaking, too, in pity for his distress.

'Mrs. Oliver,' he said, with hesitation; and she stopped and turned to him. 'Perhaps I said more than I meant to say a few minutes ago. I have not forgotten really that there is much for me to do in my own country; I have not forgotten that I can thank all of you here who have shown me so much kindness by more than mere words. For I can help in Chiltistan—I can really help.'

Then came a smile upon Violet Oliver's face, and her eyes shone.

'That is how I would have you speak,' she cried. 'I am glad.'

Oh, I am glad !' and her voice rang with the fulness of her pleasure. She had been greatly distressed by the unhappiness of her friend, and in that distress compunction had played its part. There was no hardness in Violet Oliver's character. To give pain flattered no vanity in her. She understood that Shere Ali would suffer because of her, and she longed that he should find his compensation in the opportunities of rulership.

'Let us say good-bye here,' he said. 'We may not be alone again before I go.'

She gave him her hand, and he held it for a little while, and then reluctantly let it go.

'That must last me until the summer of next year,' he said with a smile.

'Until the summer,' said Violet Oliver ; and she passed out from the doorway into the ball-room. But as she entered the room and came once more amongst the lights and the noise, and the familiar groups of her friends, she uttered a little sigh of relief. The summer of next year was a long way off ; and meanwhile here was an episode in her life ended as she wished it to end ; for in these last minutes it had begun to disquiet her.

Shere Ali remained behind in the conservatory. His eyes wandered about it. He was impressing upon his memory every detail of the place, the colours of the flowers and their very perfumes. He looked through the doorway into the ball-room whence the music swelled. The note of regret was louder than ever in his ears, and dominated the melody. To-morrow the lights, the delicate frocks, the laughing voices and bright eyes would be gone. The violins spoke to him of that morrow of blank emptiness softly and languorously like one making a luxury of grief. In a week's time he would be setting his face towards Chiltistan ; and, in spite of the brave words he had used to Violet Oliver, once more the question forced itself into his mind.

'Do I belong here ?' he asked. 'Or do I belong to Chiltistan ?'

On the one side was all that during ten years he had gradually learned to love and enjoy ; on the other side was his race and the land of his birth. He could not answer the question ; for there was a third possibility which had not yet entered into his speculations, and in that third possibility alone was the answer to be found.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE GATE OF LAHORE.

SHERE ALI, accordingly, travelled with reluctance to Bombay, and at that port an anonymous letter with the postmark of Calcutta was brought to him on board the steamer. Shere Ali glanced through it, and laughed, knowing well his countrymen's passion for mysteries and intrigues. He put the letter in his pocket and took the northward mail. These were the days before the North-West Province had been severed from the Punjab, and instructions had been given to Shere Ali to break his journey at Lahore. He left the train, therefore, at that station, on a morning when the thermometer stood at over a hundred in the shade, and was carried in a barouche drawn by camels to Government House. There a haggard and heat-worn Commissioner received him, and in the cool of the evening took him for a ride, giving him sage advice with the accent of authority.

'His Excellency would have liked to have seen you himself,' said the Commissioner. 'But he is in the Hills and he did not think it necessary to take you so far out of your way. It is as well that you should get to Kohara as soon as possible, and on particular subjects the Resident, Mr. Harris, will be able and glad to advise you.'

The Commissioner spoke politely enough, but the accent of authority was there. Shere Ali's ears were quick to notice and resent it. Some years had passed since commands had been laid upon him.

'I shall always be glad to hear what Mr. Harris has to say,' he replied stiffly.

'Yes, yes, of course,' said the Commissioner, taking that for granted. 'Mr. Harris has our views.'

He did not seem to notice the stiffness of Shere Ali's tone. He was tired with the strain of the hot weather, as his drawn face and hollow eyes showed clearly.

'On general lines,' he continued. 'His Excellency would like you to understand that the Government has no intention and no wish to interfere with the customs and laws of Chiltistan. In fact it is at this moment particularly desirable that you should throw your influence on the side of the native observances.'

'Indeed,' said Shere Ali, as he rode along the Mall by the Commissioner's side. 'Then why was I sent to Oxford?'

The Commissioner was not surprised by the question, though it was abruptly put.

'Surely that is a question to ask of his Highness, your father,' he replied. 'No doubt all you learnt and saw there will be extremely valuable. What I am saying now is that the Government wishes to give no pretext whatever to those who would disturb Chiltistan, and it looks to you with every confidence for help and support.'

'And the road?' asked Shere Ali.

'It is not proposed to carry on the road. The merchants in Kohara think that by bringing more trade, their profits would become less, while the country people look upon it as a deliberate attack upon their independence. The Government has no desire to force it upon the people against their wish.'

Shere Ali made no reply, but his heart grew bitter within him. He had come out to India sore and distressed at parting from his friends, from the life he had grown to love. All the way down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean, the pangs of regret had been growing keener with each new mile which was gathered in behind the screw. He had lain awake listening to the throb of the engine with an aching heart, and with every longing for the country he had left behind growing stronger, every recollection growing more vivid and intense. There was just one consolation which he had. Violet Oliver had enheartened him to make the most of it, and calling up the image of her face before him, he had striven so to do. There were his plans for the regeneration of his country. And lo! here at Lahore, three days after he had set foot on land, they were shattered—before they were begun. He had been trained and educated in the West according to Western notions and he was now bidden to go and rule in the East according to the ideals of the East. Bidden! For the quiet accent of authority in the words of the unobservant man who rode beside him rankled deeply. He had it in his thoughts to cry out: 'Then what place have I in Chiltistan?'

But though he never uttered the question, it was none the less answered.

'Economy and quiet are the two things which Chiltistan needs,' said the Commissioner. Then he looked carelessly at Shere Ali.

'It is hoped that you will marry and settle down as soon as possible,' he said.

Shere Ali reined in his horse, stared for a moment at his companion and then began quietly to laugh. The laughter was not pleasant to listen to, and it grew harsher and louder. But it brought no change to the tired face of the Commissioner who had stopped his horse beside Shere Ali's and was busy with the buckle of his stirrup leather. He raised his head when the laughter stopped. And it stopped as abruptly as it had begun.

'You were saying——' he remarked politely.

'That I would like, if there is time, to ride through the Bazaar.'

'Certainly,' said the Commissioner. 'This way,' and he turned at right angles out of the Mall and its avenue of great trees and led the way towards the native city. Short of it, however, he stopped.

'You won't mind if I leave you here,' he said. 'There is some work to be done. You can make no mistake. You can see the Gate from here.'

'Is that the Delhi Gate?' asked Shere Ali.

'Yes. You can find your own way back, no doubt;' and the unobservant Commissioner rode away at a trot.

Shere Ali went forward alone down the narrowing street towards the Gate. He was aflame with indignation. So he was to be nothing, he was to do nothing, except to practise economy and marry—a nigger. The contemptuous word rose to his mind. Long ago it had been applied to him during his early schooldays more than once, until desperate battles and black eyes had won him immunity. Now he used it savagely himself to stigmatise his own people. He was of the White People, he declared. He felt it, he looked it. Even at that moment a portly gentleman of Lahore in a coloured turban and patent-leather shoes salaamed to him as he passed upon his horse. 'Surely,' he thought, 'I am one of the Sahibs. This fool of a Commissioner does not understand.'

A woman passed him carrying a babe poised upon her head, with silver anklets upon her bare ankles and heavy silver rings upon her toes. She turned her face which was overshadowed by a hood to look at Shere Ali as he rode by. He saw the heavy stud of silver and enamel in her nostril, the withered brown face. He turned and looked at her, as she walked flat-footed and ungainly, her pyjamas of pink cotton showing beneath her cloak. He had no part or lot with any of these people of the East. The face of Violet Oliver shone before his eyes. There was his mate. He recalled the exquisite daintiness of her appearance, her ruffles of

lace, the winning sweetness of her eyes. Not in Chiltistan would he find a woman to drive that image from his thoughts.

Meanwhile he drew nearer to the Delhi Gate. A stream of people flowed out from it towards him. Over their heads he looked through the archway down the narrow street, where between the booths and under the carved overhanging balconies the brown people robed and turbaned, in saffron and blue, pink and white, thronged and chattered and jostled, a kaleidoscope of colour. Shere Ali turned his eyes to the right and the left as he went. It was not merely to rid himself of the Commissioner that he had proposed to ride on to the bazaars by way of the Delhi Gate. The anonymous letter bearing the postmark of Calcutta which had been placed in his hand when the steamer reached Bombay besought him to pass by the Delhi Gate at Lahore and do certain things by which means he would hear much to his advantage. He had no thought at the moment to do the particular things, but he was sufficiently curious to pass by the Delhi Gate. Some intrigue was on hand into which it was sought to lure him. He had not forgotten that his countrymen were born intriguers.

Slowly he rode along. Here and there a group of people were squatting on the ground, talking noisily. Here and there a beggar stretched out a maimed limb and sought for alms. Then close to the gate he saw that for which he searched : a man sitting apart with a blanket over his head. No one spoke to the man, and for his part he never moved. He sat erect with his legs crossed in front of him and his hands resting idly on his knees, a strange and rather grim figure ; so motionless, so utterly lifeless he seemed. The blanket reached almost to the ground behind and hung down to his lap in front, and Shere Ali noticed that a leathern begging-bowl at his side was well filled with coins. So he must have sat just in that attitude with that thick covering stifling him, all through the fiery heat of that long day. As Shere Ali looked, he saw a poor bent man in rags, with yellow caste marks on his forehead, add a copper pi to the collection in the bowl. Shere Ali stopped the giver.

‘ Who is he ? ’ he asked, pointing to the draped figure.

The old Hindu raised his hand and bowed his forehead into the palm.

‘ Huzoor, he is a holy man, a stranger who has lately come to Lahore, but the holiest of all the holy men who have ever sat by the Delhi Gate. His fame is already great.’

'But why does he sit covered with the blanket?' asked Shere Ali.

'Huzoor, because of his holiness. He is so holy that his face must not be seen.'

Shere Ali laughed.

'He told you that himself, I suppose,' he said.

'Huzoor, it is well known,' said the old man. 'He sits by the road all day until the darkness comes——'

'Yes,' said Shere Ali bethinking him of the recommendations in his letter, 'until the darkness comes—and then?'

'Then he goes away into the city and no one sees him until the morning;' and the old man passed on.

Shere Ali chuckled and rode by the hooded man. His curiosity increased. It was quite likely that the blanket hid a Mohammedan Pathan from beyond the hills. To come down into the plains and mulct the pious Hindu by some such ingenious practice would appeal to the Pathan's sense of humour almost as much as to his pocket. Shere Ali drew the letter from his pocket, and in the waning light read it through again. True, the postmark showed that the letter had been posted in Calcutta, but more than one native of Chiltistan had come south and set up as a money-lender in that city on the proceeds of a successful burglary. He replaced the letter in his pocket, and rode on at a walk through the throng. The darkness came quickly; oil lamps were lighted in the booths and shone through the unglazed window-spaces overhead. A refreshing coolness fell upon the town, the short welcome interval between the heat of the day and the suffocating heat of the night. Shere Ali turned his horse and rode back again to the gate. The hooded beggar still sat upon the ground, but he was alone. The others, the blind and the maimed, had crawled away to their dens. Except this grim motionless man, there was no one squatting upon the ground.

Shere Ali reined in beside him, and bending forward in his saddle spoke in a low voice a few words of Pushtu. The hooded figure did not move, but from behind the blanket there issued a muffled voice.

'If your Highness will ride slowly on, your servant will follow and come to his side.'

Shere Ali went on, and in a few moments he heard the soft patter of a man running barefoot along the dusty road. He stopped his horse and the patter of feet ceased, but a moment after, silent as a shadow, the man was at his side.

'You are of my country?' said Shere Ali.

'I am of Kohara,' returned the man. 'Safdar Khan of Kohara. May God keep your Highness in health. We have waited long for your presence.'

'What do you in Lahore?' asked Shere Ali.

In the darkness he saw a flash of white as Safdar Khan smiled.

'There was a little trouble, your Highness, with one Ishak Mohammed and—Ishak Mohammed's son is still alive. He is a boy of eight, it is true, and could not hold a rifle to his shoulder. But the trouble took place near the road.'

Shere Ali nodded his head in comprehension. Safdar Khan had shot his enemy on the road, which is a holy place, and therefore he came within the law.

'Blood-money was offered,' continued Safdar Khan, 'but the boy would not consent and claims my life. His mother would hold the rifle for him while he pulled the trigger. So I am better in Lahore. Moreover, your Highness, for a poor man life is difficult in Kohara. Taxes are high. So I came down to this gate and sat with a cloak over my head.'

'And you have found it profitable,' said Shere Ali.

Again the teeth flashed in the darkness and Safdar Khan laughed.

'For two days I sat by the Delhi Gate and no one spoke to me or dropped a single coin in my bowl. But on the third day a good man, may God preserve him, passed by when I was nearly stifled and asked me why I sat in the heat of the sun under a blanket. Thereupon I told him, what doubtless your Highness knows, that my face is much too holy to be looked upon, and since then your Highness's servant has prospered exceedingly. The device is a good one.'

Suddenly Safdar Khan stumbled as they walked and lurched against the horse and its rider. He recovered himself in a moment, with prayers for forgiveness and curses upon his stupidity for setting his foot upon a sharp stone. But he had put out his hand as he stumbled and that hand had run lightly down Shere Ali's coat and had felt the texture of his clothes.

'I had a letter from Calcutta,' said the Prince, 'which besought me to speak to you, for you had something for my ear. Therefore speak, and speak quickly.'

But a change had come over Safdar Khan. Certainly Shere Ali was wearing the dress of one of the Sahibs. A man passed carrying a lantern, and the light, feeble though it was, threw into outline

against the darkness a pith helmet and a very English figure. Certainly, too, Shere Ali spoke the Pushtu tongue with a slight hesitation, and an unfamiliar accent. He seemed to grope for words.

'A letter?' he cried. 'From Calcutta? Nay, how can that be? Some foolish fellow has dared to play a trick,' and in a few short effective sentences Safdar Khan expressed his opinion of the foolish fellow and of his ancestry distant and immediate.

'Yet the letter bade me seek you by the Delhi Gate of Lahore,' continued Shere Ali calmly, 'and by the Delhi Gate of Lahore I found you.'

'My fame is great,' replied Safdar Khan bombastically. 'Far and wide it has spread like the boughs of a gigantic tree.'

'Rubbish,' said Shere Ali curtly, breaking in upon Safdar's vehemence. 'I am not one of the Hindu fools who fill your begging-bowl,' and he laughed.

In the darkness he heard Safdar Khan laugh too.

'You expected me,' continued Shere Ali. 'You looked for my coming. Your ears were listening for the few words of Pushtu. Why else should you say, "Ride forward and I will follow"?''

Safdar Khan walked for a little while in silence. Then in a voice of humility, he said:

'I will tell my lord the truth. Yes, some foolish talk has passed from one man to another, and has been thrown back again like a ball. I too,' he admitted, 'have been without wisdom. But I have seen how vain such talk is. The Mullahs in the hills speak only ignorance and folly.'

'Ah!' said Shere Ali. He took the letter from his pocket and tore it into fragments and scattered the fragments upon the Road. 'So I thought. The letter is of their prompting.'

'My lord, it may be so,' replied Safdar Khan. 'For my part I have no lot or share in any of these things. For I am now of Lahore.'

'Aye,' said Shere Ali. 'The begging-bowl is filled to overflowing at the Delhi Gate. So you are of Lahore, though your name is Safdar Khan and you were born at Kohara,' and suddenly he leaned down and asked in a wistful voice with a great curiosity, 'Are you content? Have you forgotten the hills and valleys? Is Lahore more to you than Chiltistan?'

So perpetually had Shere Ali's mind run of late upon his isolation that it crept into all his thoughts. So now it seemed to him that

there was some vague parallel between his mental state and that of Safdar Khan. But Safdar Khan's next words disabused him :

'Nay, nay,' he said. 'But the widow of a rich merchant in the city here, a devout and holy woman, has been greatly moved by my piety. She seeks my hand in marriage and——' here Safdar Khan laughed pleasantly—'I shall marry her. Already she has given me a necklace of price which I have had weighed and tested to prove that she does not play me false. She is very rich, and it is too hot to sit in the sun under a blanket. So I will be a merchant of Lahore instead, and live at my ease on the upper balcony of my house.'

Shere Ali laughed and answered. 'It is well.' Then he added shrewdly: 'But it is possible that you may yet at some time meet the man in Calcutta who wrote the letter to me. If so, tell him what I did with it,' and Shere Ali's voice became hard and stern. 'Tell him that I tore it up and scattered it in the dust. And let him send the news to the Mullahs in the Hills. I know that soft-handed brood with their well-fed bodies and their treacherous mouths. If only they would let me carry on the road!' he cried passionately, 'I would drag them out of the houses where they batten on poor men's families and set them to work till the palms of their hands were honestly blistered. Let the Mullahs have a care, Safdar Khan. I go North to-morrow to Kohara.'

He spoke with a greater vehemence than perhaps he had meant to show. But he was carried along by his own words, and sought always a stronger epithet than that which he had used. He was sore and indignant, and he vented his anger on the first object which served him as an opportunity. Safdar Khan bowed his head in the darkness. Safe though he might be in Lahore, he was still afraid of the Mullahs, afraid of their curses, and mindful of their power to ruin the venturesome man who dared to stand against them.

'It shall be as your Highness wishes,' he said in a low voice, and he hurried away from Shere Ali's side. Abuse of the Mullahs was dangerous—as dangerous to listen to as to speak. Who knew but what the very leaves of the neem trees might whisper the words and bear witness against him? Moreover, it was clear that the Prince of Chiltistan was a Sahib. Shere Ali rode back to Government House. He understood clearly why Safdar Khan had so unceremoniously fled; and he was glad. If the fool of a Commissioner did not know him for what he was, at all events Safdar

Khan did. He was one of the White People. For who else would dare to speak as he had spoken of the Mullahs? The Mullahs would hear what he had said. That was certain. They would hear it with additions. They would try to make things unpleasant for him in Chiltistan in consequence. But Shere Ali was glad. For their very opposition—in so loverlike a way did every thought somehow reach out to Violet Oliver—brought him a little nearer to the lady who held his heart. He found the Commissioner sealing up his letters in his office.

That unobservant man had just written at length, privately and confidentially, both to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at the hill-station and to the Resident at Kohara. And to both he had written to the one effect:

‘We must expect trouble in Chiltistan.’

He based his conclusion upon the glimpse which he had obtained into the troubled feelings of Shere Ali. The next morning Shere Ali travelled northwards and forty-eight hours later from the top of the Malakand Pass he saw winding across the Swat valley past Chakdara the road which reached to Kohara and there stopped.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE POLO-GROUND.

VIOLET OLIVER travelled to India in the late autumn of that year, free from apprehension. Somewhere beyond the high snow-passes Shere Ali would be working out his destiny among his own people. She was not of those who seek publicity either for themselves or for their gowns in the daily papers. Shere Ali would never hear of her visit; she was safe. She spent her Christmas in Calcutta, saw the race for the Viceroy's Cup run without a fear that on that crowded racecourse the importunate figure of the young Prince of Chiltistan might emerge to reproach her, and a week later went northwards into the United Provinces. It was a year, now some while past, when a royal visitor came from a neighbouring country into India. And in his honour at one great city in those Provinces the troops gathered and the tents went up. Little towns of canvas, gay with bordered walks and flowers, were dotted on the dusty plains about and within the city. Great ministers and functionaries came with their retinues and their guests. Native princes from Rajputana brought their elephants and their escorts. Thither

also came Violet Oliver. It was, indeed, to attend this Durbar that she had been invited out from England. She stayed in a small camp on the great Parade Ground where the tents faced one another in a single street, each with its little garden of grass and flowers before the door. The ends of the street were closed in by posts, and outside the posts sentries were placed.

It was a week of bright, sunlit, rainless days, and of starry nights. It was a week of reviews and State functions. But it was also a week during which the best polo to be seen in India drew the visitors each afternoon to the club-ground. There was no more constant attendant than Violet Oliver. She understood the game and followed it with a nice appreciation of the players' skill. The first round of the competition had been played off on the third day, but a native team organised by the ruler of a Mohammedan State in Central India had drawn a bye and did not appear in the contest until the fourth day. Miss Oliver took her seat in the front row of the stand, as the opposing teams cantered into the field upon their ponies. A programme was handed to her, but she did not open it. For already the umpires had tossed the ball into the middle of the ground. The game had begun.

The native team was matched against a regiment of Dragoons, and from the beginning it was plain that the four English players were the stronger team. But on the other side there was one who in point of skill outstripped them all. He was stationed on the outside of the field farthest away from Violet Oliver. He was a young man, almost a boy, she judged; he was beautifully mounted, and he sat his pony as though he and it were one. He was quick to turn, quick to pass the ball; and he never played a dangerous game. A desire that the native team should win woke in her and grew strong just because of that slim youth's extraordinary skill. Time after time he relieved his side, and once, as it seemed to her, he picked the ball out of the very goal-posts. The bugle, she remembered afterwards, had just sounded. He drove the ball out from the press, leaned over until it seemed he must fall to resist an opponent who tried to ride him off, and then somehow he shook himself free from the tangle of polo-sticks and ponies.

'Oh, well done! well done!' cried Violet Oliver, clenching her hands in her enthusiasm. A roar of applause went up. He came racing down the very centre of the ground, the long ends of his white turban streaming out behind him like a pennant. The seven other players followed upon his heels outpaced and outplayed.

He rode swinging his polo-stick for the stroke, and then with clean hard blows sent the ball skimming through the air like a bird. Violet Oliver watched him in suspense, dreading lest he should override the ball, or that his stroke should glance. But he made no mistake. The sound of the strokes rose clear and sharp; the ball flew straight. He drove it between the posts, and the players streamed in behind as though through the gateway of a beleaguered town. He had scored the first goal of the game at the end of the first chukkur. He cantered back to change his pony. But this time he rode along the edge of the stand, since on this side the ponies waited with their blankets thrown over their saddles and the syces at their heads. He ran his eyes along the row of onlookers as he cantered by, and suddenly Violet Oliver leaned forward. She had been interested merely in the player. Now she was interested in the man who played. She was more than interested. For she felt a tightening of the heart and she caught her breath. 'It could not be,' she said to herself. She could see his face clearly, however, now; and as suddenly as she had leaned forward she drew back. She lowered her head, until her broad hat-brim hid her face. She opened her programme, looked for and found the names of the players. Shere Ali's stared her in the face.

'He has broken his word,' she said angrily to herself, quite forgetting that he had given no word, and that she had asked for none. Then she fell to wondering whether or no he had recognised her as he rode past the stand. She stole a glance as he cantered back, but Shere Ali was not looking towards her. She debated whether she should make an excuse and go back to her camp. But if he had thought he had seen her, he would look again, and her empty place would be convincing evidence. Moreover, the teams had changed goals. Shere Ali would be playing on this side of the ground during the next chukkur unless the Dragoons scored quickly. Violet Oliver kept her place, but she saw little of the game. She watched Shere Ali's play furtively, however, hoping thereby to learn whether he had noticed her. And in a little while she knew. He played wildly, his strokes had lost their precision, he was less quick to follow the twists of the ball. Shere Ali had seen her. At the end of the game he galloped quickly to the corner, and when Violet Oliver came out of the enclosure she saw him standing with his long overcoat already on his shoulders, waiting for her.

Violet Oliver separated herself from her friends and went forward

towards him. She held out her hand. Shere Ali hesitated and then took it. All through the game, pride had been urging him to hold his head high and seek not so much as a single word with her. But he had been alone for six months in Chiltistan and he was young.

'You might have let me know,' he said, in a troubled voice.

Violet Oliver faltered out some beginnings of an excuse. She had not meant to come to India. It was a sudden invitation. There was no time to write, and she did not want to bring him away from his work in Chiltistan. But Shere Ali was not listening to the excuses.

'I must see you again,' he said. 'I must.'

'No doubt we shall meet,' replied Violet Oliver.

'To-morrow,' continued Shere Ali. 'To-morrow evening. You will be going to the Fort.'

There was to be an investiture, and after the investiture a great reception in the Fort on the evening of the next day. It would be as good a place as any, thought Violet Oliver—nay, a better place. There would be crowds of people wandering about the Fort. Since they must meet, let it be there and soon.

'Very well,' she said. 'To-morrow evening,' and she passed on and rejoined her friends.

(To be continued.)

and
n to
her.
was

She
on.
way
the

ng.

eat
be
ce.
nce
ed